UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1158.

Original Poetry.

BURIAL OF MAD ANTHONY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY WILLIAM WALTER

A life of peril and glory was terminated in December, 1796. He died in a hut at Presque Isle, aged about fifty-one years, and was buried on the shores of Lake Erie.—*Biography of Gen. Wayne.*

Hark! there are martial sounds that tell
On Erie's lonely shore,
A soldier's grave is won at last,
But not 'mid cannon's roar;
A chieftain's fought his latest foe—
His battles all are over,
And now they lay him, in the sands,
Upon that icy shore.

The trumpet and the drum are heard,
But changed the warlike tone;
For slowly, mournfully they go
To where he'll rest alone;
Their arms reversed, their measured pace,
His war-horse drooping bed,
All speak of him who late was here—
But now is with the dead.

His plume less low, his sword is sheathed
No more its flash will light—
His warriors on to victory
In freedom's glorious fight;
Hast thou so many a battle fought
When shafts flew thick and fast,
And escaped them all—Mad Anthony—
To perish here at last?

Oh! Death! how many a patriot's foe—
How thrilled, when heard thy name!
How many hearts have ceased their throbs
To shun thy lightning flame!
Gladly then gaz'd the banner forth
Of freedom, to the blaze,
And bravely beat then battled for
Thy country to the last!

The memory of thy gallant deeds
Will ever be a spell
To cheer us onward in the path
Which thou hast trod so well!
The same will be a trumpet call
On freedom's battle field,
While brave men only at the sound
To die—but never yield!

How many a warrior's heart hath leaped
At ring thy battle cry,
How many a voice hath echoed back
Thy shout of victory!
And now they hear thee in thy rest
A soldier's grave is thine,
Thus place will be a sacred spot
While Presque Isle's a shrine.

Original Novellette.

GOVERNOR LEISLER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY JOHN H. MANCUR, AUTHOR OF HENRI QUATRE; OR, THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE.

Heart, take thine ease,
Mind, rest in peace,
Thou hoply might'st afford.
Though not speak it!
Of thee, none will
Say better, there's an end.
—Jonson's Underwoods.

CHAPTER II.

Jacob Leisler, and his good lady—whose maiden name was Elsje Thymens—were both of Dutch descent. During the administration of Sir Edmund Andros, they resided at Albany, but New York was found a better station for commercial enterprise. By industry, and the application of a strong, ingenious mind to many humble pursuits, he had amassed considerable wealth, measured by the colonial standard. Ambition—of more genial feelings for Leisler though thrifty was far from selfish—led to the abandonment, both in Albany and New York, of original functions. With generous indignation at tyranny, he had, in the former city, displayed courageous patriotism in opposing the designs of James, the second (then Duke of York, to whom the colony had been granted with regal and judicial privileges by his brother, Charles the second) who creeping towards the establishment of papacy by degrees, had endeavored to force on the congregation of Albany—followers of the Reformed Dutch Church—an episcopally ordained minister, whereas, its church-discipline, they might obey no other spiritual guides than the pastors appointed by the classes of Amsterdam. Leisler bore the front of the struggle, and was triumphant. In New York, the warmth of an active benevolence was more usually appreciated, when he—on more than one occasion—disbursed money, to save from servitude, widows and orphans, of poor emigrants, who had died on the passage to or landing. Many of the occasions class—as was oft the custom—exercised inceptance of vessels, in lieu of passage-money, a bond, whose penalty was a laborious servile apprenticeship, more or less years, transferable by purchase, from the captain to farmers, planters and others. In such sad cases of bereavement, did the offspring and widowed partner of the deceased, were exposed to the alternative of paying the amount of the bond (generally impossible) in money, or satisfying the still harsher claim of servitude: the wealth and generous ethics of the New York merchant were oft unreckoned.

Leisler was, however, a man who stood out in high relief on the canvass of public opinion, and was—to use an ordinary expression—much looked up to by one portion of the colonists. But the community—we of course mean all above want, or indigence—was divided into two classes, not by any formal law, but through the working of the aristocratic spirit observable everywhere among mankind. To narrow our remarks—for sake of concreteness—to the little city, on the tongue of Manhattan Isle, though they would apply throughout the colony, there was a certain number of families and individuals of Dutch, English and other descents, for the distinction was not national, who ranked as the gentry of the community, and affected to draw a line of demarcation between their own body and the remainder of the population. Pursuit of commerce was not a prohibition, nor was the possession of wealth a certain passport, as Jacob Leisler would have been held entitled to the honors. The peculiar privileges were an assigned equality with officers of his majesty's navy and army, and gentlemen bearing civil commissions, and an exclusive (or attempted exclusive) monopoly of social intercourse. The governor, in obedience to instructions, was assisted by a council selected from the colonists: the circle we speak of, invariably contrived, that the members should be selected from its ranks, though it must be admitted, that his excellency was most likely to find individuals of competent education, and above all, leisure for deliberation, in a class assuming superior investment, professing to be governed by a nice sense of honor. Leisler, as we have said, was not within the chartered circle. Perhaps his well-earned distinction was too much based on vulgar popularity to assimilate with the fastidious ambition of an aristocracy, courting favor only from what is called the fountain of honor—the king's majesty, or his delegated authority. He was favourably known throughout the land, as the asserter of his own and the people's rights, as the friend of the widow and orphan, and his reputation cast an offensive shadow on the path of those who rose to, or retained an imposing station, by the grace of office, or the smile of royalty.

Many of these facts were present in Mr Lovel's mind, as he returned to the Dock; others he gleaned by residence in the colony, but he was prepared to meet a man somewhat above the ordinary level.

The Dock and the bug were comparatively deserted, for the crowd had dispersed to circulate and talk over the gratifying news of deliverance from the fears of popery. The captain had also disappeared—perhaps to report himself at the fort—but the individual Master Lovel was in quest of, was pointed out, engaged in examining the condition of the cargo. The young Englishman contented himself with sending one of the crew below—and waited an invitation.

Jacob Leisler enjoyed the advantage of a well-built frame. If his progenitors resembled, in person, the imputed characteristics of the Dutch model—extreme breadth and rotundity rather than altitude, characteristics which we believe much exaggerated by malicious romancers, even as a London alderman is ever depicted with bloated face, white waistcoat, and the action of an enormous appetite—the fine of an American chronicle had copied their descendant to about upward into a goodly specimen of the genus *homo*. His age might be forty-three or forty-five; features rather coarse, eyebrows bushy, with a large, sedate eye, of which visitor, or companion, when least expecting observation, oft caught himself undergoing its steady watching gaze—an eye which the idle workman, a scene, feared, for it followed him everywhere. His apparel was homely—a loose wadmeal-cloth jibbet coat of woollen texture above the knee, and much, chimney high-heeled, high-quartered shoes afforded proof of the economy of the New York citizens in the article of dress, and—what most struck Lovel—bespoke defiance of the kindling heat.

Soon as Mr Leisler came on dock Lovel advanced, and stating his name and kindred, explained the steps taken on landing to make his uncle's friend first acquainted with the extraordinary intelligence. He concluded by handing his credentials, with several copies of the proclamation.

The letters which Master Hobbs gave me have already made us acquainted," exclaimed the merchant, shaking hands with the young man, "for the news you bring—God be praised! But let us go below. And he led the way to the cabin, ejaculating to himself—"God be praised! God be praised."

Mr. Lovel, as he followed his conductor, felt agreeably disappointed in the general appearance of the cabin. Its disagreeable, in this point, he had allowed himself to be mystified by the captain, who recommended lessons from a Dutch pedagogue, soon as he landed. Twenty-five years of British rule, however, had not entirely supplanted the old dialect; it greeted the ear every where as a secondary and contemporaneous language—and by some classes, as the Albany aristocrats of Hudson's river, farmers and growers of the interior—settlers on Long Island—was spoken almost exclusively; but every Dutch descendant, at New York, the seat of government and commerce, was forced by necessity, and self-interest, to learn in due course it, at least, passable English.

Within in the cabin, Leisler closed the door, and turning to Lovel, said: "Thy uncle speaks of lack of worldly influence and thrift. I am the more indebted for this token of zeal in seeking me—but come, let us return to my house, for I hear no tidings yet of a pursuivant."

Wilford excused himself on the score of decent apparel; he regretted having appeared in such a plight in waiting on him first in the day. "*He, he's head*" exclaimed Leisler, with a hearty slap on the youth's shoulders, "I like thee the better man!" If I were king, and a courier stopped to dust his boots before he handed me his despatches, I'd kick him the length of the Hoeven Gracht!"

Finding, however, the young man resolute, he stipulated, that he should bring the captain with him to tea, that afternoon, at its present noticed the early hour of three o'clock.

And now I bethink me," continued Leisler, with earnestness, "do not let him slip through—for it behooves all friends to New York to know whom he has been with—and what this mission, some he landed."

Wilford promised compliance—and was left to his meditations. For, very far from pleasant were the reflections which crossed. It was plain that his uncle had not spared his failings. Wilford Lovel possessed quick appreciation, lively fancy, and promptness of action, but took no share in the ordinary bustle, or less vanity, transferable by purchase, from the captain's to farmers, planters and others. In such sad cases of bereavement, did the offspring and widowed partner of the deceased, were exposed to the alternative of paying the amount of the bond (generally impossible) in money, or satisfying the still harsher claim of servitude: the wealth and generous ethics of the New York merchant were oft unreckoned.

Leisler was, however, a man who stood out in high relief on the canvass of public opinion, and was—to use an ordinary expression—much looked up to by one portion of the colonists. But the community—we of course mean all above want, or indigence—was divided into two classes, not by any formal law, but through the working of the aristocratic spirit observable everywhere among mankind. To narrow our remarks—for sake of concreteness—to the little city, on the tongue of Manhattan Isle, though they would apply throughout the colony, there was a certain number of families and individuals of Dutch, English and other descents, for the distinction was not national, who ranked as the gentry of the community, and affected to draw a line of demarcation between their own body and the remainder of the population. Pursuit of commerce was not a prohibition, nor was the possession of wealth a certain passport, as Jacob Leisler would have been held entitled to the honors. The peculiar privileges were an assigned equality with officers of his majesty's navy and army, and gentlemen bearing civil commissions, and an exclusive (or attempted exclusive) monopoly of social intercourse. The governor, in obedience to instructions, was assisted by a council selected from the colonists: the circle we speak of, invariably contrived, that the members should be selected from its ranks, though it must be admitted, that his excellency was most likely to find individuals of competent education, and above all, leisure for deliberation, in a class assuming superior investment, professing to be governed by a nice sense of honor. Leisler, as we have said, was not within the chartered circle. Perhaps his well-earned distinction was too much based on vulgar popularity to assimilate with the fastidious ambition of an aristocracy, courting favor only from what is called the fountain of honor—the king's majesty, or his delegated authority. He was favourably known throughout the land, as the asserter of his own and the people's rights, as the friend of the widow and orphan, found of a sly joke—rather the butt of the alongshore wags of Bristol and New York, who oft thought they had succeeded in mystifying him, whereas, in fact, indolence and good nature prevailed over angrier feelings, and permitted the witlings an easy victory. He was fond of good-living, which, perhaps, may account for the pains taken to ingratiate himself with the merchants wives, or housekeepers both in New York and the English port—and in return, was a serviceable favorite on both sides the Atlantic, in the execution of sundry, and divers, commissions, which—if it were closely looked into—involved violation of Custom House regulations.

In walking along, Wilford could not avoid remarking the extraordinary difference of temperature on shipboard, and on shore. On the river, as they approached the city, the air felt warm and kindling, yet genial and seductive; attempered by pleasant breezes, but on land, although May had not finished its race (it was the last day of that month) heat was reflected from small flag-stone and glittering brick, more than once conveying a sensation, such as is experienced in passing the mouth of furnace or oven. The only reply this complaint drew from the well-seasoned, case-hardened mariner, was the observation, that it was rather warm."

They found their host comfortably seated in the willow-studded steeple, smoking through a handsome, porcelain pipe, enjoying a sectional view of the river and opposite shore. His sedentary figure was considerably improved: the rough jerkin of the morn exchanged for smooth broadcloth, of dark blue, with yellow metal buttons. Beside him, sat a young man under thirty—of prepossessing intelligent, and—when he unbuttoned his coat—handsome, Jacob Milbourne. "He is your countryman, Mr Lovel," said Leisler, introducing the parties—"and I hope you will like each other. The Dutch flood have ground in the city, and we are fain to help on the old stock by an importation now and then. In truth, we are sadly intermingled here—though owning the best houses—but in Albany, Ulster and Long-Island, we hold out bravely, and as Englishmen had need learn our patience, who goes there to settle."

It was scarcely four o'clock, when black Peter announced that tea was ready. Leisler starting up, led the way to the same parlor which Lovel had been ushered into in the morning. The beverage was prepared, chairs placed round a table, at the far end of which sat Mistress Leisler, supported on one side by the reader's acquaintance Styntje, and on the other by her married daughter, Mistress Milbourne. They rose to receive the guests, and a formal ceremonious etiquette, in which no parts belonging to the family were omitted, completed, all sat down. Wilford by the side of Mistress Milbourne, and opposite Styntje—and the meal commenced.

At Lovel's eye wandered round the room, he noticed that the fire-place was without stove or grate—a huge space, fixed on each side with chimnials, on which were depicted, in blue colors, the principal events in the history of Joseph and his brethren, and other Scriptural subjects. The furniture was plain, of maple and walnut woods, and but little of it. Behind the door, stood a large wardrobe—as Lovel judged—of dark walnut, high as the ceiling, and sloping towards the roof, to imitate pediments of the house-tops. Into it, might have been huddled—if they were so inclined—the whole family Leisler goods and all. A mere mantel-shelf, cased in the same material, equally as tall as the wardrobe occupied another side of the chamber. The portrait of a young lady—exceedingly like Styntje—in a strange dress, hung over the fire-place, and was the only decoration save a few small framed prints, whose subjects were not recognizable where the young Englishman sat.

The table was served with tea and chocolate—the latter seemed the favorite—waffles and hot buttered toast, butter cooled in a cruskit of ice—and a ham smoked with tempting white and red. Two china pigs, laden with spring flowers, threw light and fragrance over the meal.

The lady who presided was about the same age as her husband, much more resembling the Dutch ideal short, round and plump. The expression of the face, when in repose, rather assigned—large eyes and eyebrows with lengthened, aquiline nose—grave and quiet in her manner, after the first uncomfortable flurry of introduction—watchfully attentive to the comfort of her guests. Mistress Milbourne was several years older than Styntje much resembling her—save that the wickedest state had brought its cares, and its shade of gravity, and substituted in her cheek the ally for the rose. Both mother and daughter wore caps which much concealed the hair. Their dresses were muslin, alike. A short gown of silk afforded room for the display of a long skirt, in petticoat of the same material, but of other hue, and Lovel had opportunity, ere he left, of noticing the fashionable high heeled shoe, and the stocking, with clock of bright, contrasting color, as it glided across the silver-sanded floor—for the room was without carpet or matting, covered with a layer of the finest white sand, which in parts not disturbed by the feet assumed, by dexterous application of broom or other means more mysterious—various figures and devices.

Leisler was absent and thoughtful during tea—occasionally making an abrupt enquiry of the captain though in tone so low, that Wilford, who was nearer the ladies than his host, could not catch the import, but the words—proclamation—fort—several times fell on the ear. Master Richard Hobbs when not spoken to, was content to preserve silence, being fully occupied in discussing the new, hot bread, and delicious, fresh butter, to which the long voyage had made him a stranger. His leisure moments were spent scrutinizing the several richly-chased articles of silver-plate which a fashionable vanity displayed.

Milbourne, to show to the merchant's abstraction seemed disposed to afford the younger guest conversation. Lovel expressed surprise at the variety of the language and requested of Mistress Leisler whether she and the ladies generally of New York, were not afraid of an irruption.

Alarm!" echoed Styntje answering for her mother—"why we could not do without them! They make our clothing and our linens, and many things beside—and they are rare fellowmen. Mr. Lovel and will bring what they catch to the yard, when we have to go to the market to buy it on our own premise.

Her brother-in-law maliciously observed that the Indians were favorites with her sister Styntje—indeed she had been in love with a tall chief, from above Jamaica, on Long Island, ever since he brought them a canoe of oysters. The young lady reddened in anger but as it was vented in Dutch expletives, addressed to the offender, the sense was lost to Wilford. Mr. Milbourne, whose sense of politeness felt the continued gloom of the host as the reverse of complementary, snatched at any chance of adding to the liveliness of the party, and therefore did not cease his attacks.

"Whatever Styntje might say to an Indian husband," he continued, "there might be worse fate for man's meet, than selecting a wife from the forest.

Milbourne's sense of courtesy, however, brought him into trouble, and doubled his assailants.

"Leave Mr. Lovel to judge for himself," cried Mistress Milbourne, "if you feel to have made a bad choice, do not promulgate your countryman.

"I would merely remark," rejoined her spouse feigning to beat a retreat, "that among these Indesses—as we call them, Mr. Lovel—there may be found many pretty brunettes and spider-fingered lasses, smooth as a muskrat, and with reasonable, good complexions, if they did not die themselves tawny."

Mistress Leisler, at this juncture, created a diversion by extolling Master Hobbs as the only one who did justice to their simple fare, which should have been more ample, if her good man had given earlier notice of the invitation. The captain gallantly declared, that to be seated at her table, was alone worth risking a winter's voyage.

"Put no faith in these sweets, Elsje," cried Leisler, suddenly breaking silence, in a tone so abrupt, as to startle the company. "he says the same thing at Bristol, and every port he puts into."

The hostess very zealously reiterated satisfaction of the captain's sincerity, and the tea-service was removed to make way for some sugar-cocked bottles, which seemed to gladden the sight of Master Hobbs. The ladies with their knitting, and the gentlemen to finish convivial pursuits, brought forth knitting apparatus. Lovel, bent on sobriety—here far from was encouraged therein by the interest he felt in looking at Styntje we cannot tell—continued to draw her into a discourse, by a few general remarks on the climate—and happening to cast eyes on the portrait—the features of which appeared harsher than the original and the canvass dimmed, perhaps by smoke—declared that the artist had not done her justice—and the dress! was it a transmissible costume, or really the style of the New York ladies?

"We have no painters in the colony, Mr. Lovel," cried the lady laughing aloud to the consternation of the gallant. "except house painters—and that—that painting was done in Holland—it is now seventy years since—and is the picture of my—my mother's mother!"

Grand-mother! she would have said, but does not like laughing at me outright! thought the young man to himself, as he hit her up in the vexation. He heightened age however, in retaliating that she was happy her judgment had delivered those sins in the portrait, as not to servants which did not at present exist in the youth, though perhaps becoming matured age. He was glad he did not owe the artist a grudge, as in truth, the assistant was altogether lost in the third generation.

Styntje remarked, with a smile, that she believed, from what her mother oft said, the austerity of the portrait was not the painter's fault, and perhaps might yet prove prophetic of other members of the family—but instantly feeling that she had given too much play to her natural humor, in presence of a comparative stranger, changed the conversation.

It was remarked by Wilford, that Leisler seemed ill at ease—straining himself to join in the conversation, he invariably fell back into the abstraction—and that whatever the nature of the captain's revelations, they afforded no satisfaction. There were moments, when he doubted whether he, himself, were not the cause, but when the frank reception of the merchant recurred to memory his doubts gave way to the speculation.

It was between eight and nine o'clock, when the party broke up, Lovel returning with Master Hobbs to the brig, with promise from Leisler, that he would come aboard next morning, and consult respecting a permanent residence in shore. With the ladies he exchanged the usual compliments. In walking to the Dock, he grew more reconciled to the climate; the evening was delightful, the air temperate, freshened by breeze from the river. The inhabitants were safe in their little gardens, or sitting on the stoops, chatting with neighbors. Under the shed, where stood the weighing-machine, the negroes, with their colored lasses, were advancing to the sound of the horn and tambour. A fatal reflection of the medal's was everywhere sustained by myriads of insects piping them his musicians.

On his return, young Lovel could not dismiss the image of Styntje Leisler, and debated, with himself, what portion of she had to occupy so large a share of his thoughts. Many objections presented themselves—but there was a glance of bearing that fully compensated for the absence of more attractive graces. Over head, sunny hours, the chesnut hair parted in wildly waving masses, and where, for eyes, those glorious eyes, were lifted at last to the face of Mr. Rayland, they spoke the powers of mind, the fire of genius that even the deep sense of the present moment could not quench.

"I have come," he said falteringly—"to bid you farewell; to thank you for your great kindness to me, and to pray, that although the title I so vainly aspired to, that of your son-in-law, cannot be, I may hope for a place in your affections, an interest in my welfare.

The old man's sorry soul was wrong as he grasped his hand—

God bless you, Walter! you have been as my own son to me—and but for a child's whim, you might have been such in truth. Yet one word. Mabel, with all her fondness, is a proud and noble girl—and when she sees James Lemox's unworthiness, she will cast him off forever. I know her. Walter, she came to me and mine, and pleaded me, for the sake of her dead mother, to consent to this union. And I yielded. Nay, shrink not, boy! Years, long years shall pass, that will reflect improve your person a character, so establish its worthiness—Mabel may yet be yours.

Lovel came for a moment to the despairing heart of Walter Lemox, yet only for a moment. How could he dare hope for the love of one who had treated him with uniform indifference—yet latterly with contempt, and so he turned away with a weary weight upon his spirit, and a tide of anguish circling round his heart.

It was a lovely moonlight evening, and a face as lovely peered out from the parted curtains of Mabel Rayland's chamber; a face full of innocence and overflowing happiness. She looked upon the moon and the holy stars—she looked on the surpassing sweetness of the landscape before her, and her own heart was thrilling in unison with every glancing moonbeam. Below her, where the cultivated garden slope stretched far away behind those mighty sycamores, until it reached the verge of a beautiful river, bloomed flowers and shrubs of rare fragrance, and the evening air swept balmily over her polished forehead, laden with their sweetness. And not alone did the wind nestle amid the leaves with its sweet moaning, not alone did the flowers sway beneath its breath. There was one there, concealed by the waving arms of the sycamores, who gazed upon the fair face of the unconscious girl, upturned in the placid moonlight, and bid a long farewell to the object of his fervent love.

Life was one beautiful dream to Mabel Rayland, even in the absence of him, who gave its principal charm. What though long, long miles intervened between them!—were not his words to be treasured, his smiles recalled, his thousand flatteries remembered. And then came letters, breathing the very soul of love and tenderness. Mabel read and re-read these precious epistles—and smile not reader, if the first were the most treasured, when, gradually they became fewer, and filled with details of fashionable life, of balls and routs, in which he always seemed the most prominent actor. In all this she saw but his kindness his wish to amuse her—living, as he did, in the heart of a busy metropolis, and she buried in the obscurity of the country. The selfishness, the vanity of his heart was never apparent. Yet dearer and dearer grew those first, fond letters he had written her soon after his return. And so a year spead on.

And then to Mabel's startled ear, came the tidings that her lover had forsaken her, for the smiles of another. That the belle of the city had gained the heart proffered to the simple country girl.

She sat alone that night. Ah! who can tell of the deep struggle with her own heart—of the crushed hopes—the bitter disappointment of that dark hour! The moonlight streamed full upon her face again and the parted curtains of her chamber window.

And is this true, Anna? Are you sure, quite sure?" she said to the friend who had very gently broken the tidings. "Did he gaun me but to forsake me? Oh! Anna, Anna, speak true, as you value my happiness. Be quick, quick,—there is an aching quivering pain about my temples, and I shall go mad if you hesitate longer!"

'Twas but the other night I saw him, Mabel. He is a splendid looking man, truly—but I hated him then, that he dared to smile so proudly and so triumphantly upon the rich Miss Lemer. It was known throughout the room, that she had gladly accepted him. And I watched each to turn yet all had been thrown aside, and now she leaned her head thoughtfully upon the table, and strove to read a stranger volume still—the windings of her own heart. One part she read clearly and truly. An open letter lay before her, traced in the characters of a hand she had almost ceased to remember. The contents ran strangely thus:

"You have not utterly cast me off, Mabel; unworthy as I have proven. I acknowledge with deep penitence and remorse my shameful conduct. But oh! believe me, when I tell you, no matter how my actions belied me, that I loved you then, and I love you now, and ever, better than life itself. And there was a time that you returned it. They say that woman's love is deep and lasting. Pray God, yours have survived the lapse of time. One smile, one word may answer this. Be mine! be mine Mabel!' and if a lifetime of devotion can redress one wrong, you shall be happy."

Had she been selfish, or haughty, or vain, Mabel would have gloried in thus humbling her recreant first love. But the remembrance of that early sorrow had passed away, even as a troubled dream. They had met since, in careless and casual acquaintance, without one pang for her, and she was too noble and too good to glory in her triumph. One only thought she gave it, and then turned to peruse another page of her heart's feelings.

Once the doubtful, now the orphan heiress of splendid fortunes—once the timid, untutored country-girl, now the dignified and self-possessed lady of the city. For these he deems me worthier to bear his name!"

A hand was laid upon her arm, and Walter Lemox stood beside her, with a doubtful smile upon his lips and a changeful cheek. He had been her friend, her more than brother in all her afflictions, and Mabel freely placed the letter in his hand.

"Your answer?" he queried briefly, after he ran over its contents.

A decided negative," was the answer, how could I answer any other?"

There was a moment's pause.

Mabel," said Lemox, in a voice low and tremulous, "if I dare to proffer again my once rejected suit, will it meet the same answer? On your father's deathbed you promised him to hold me as a dear brother. But the world stands at this title and set in truth do I. Ah! let the tie between us be nearer, holier!

He took her hand in his and raised it to his lips, then pressed the unresisting fingers to his forehead. Suddenly Mabel looked up, and met his eyes, fixed so passionately, so tenderly upon her, that a burning blush mantled her beautiful cheek, and yet a smile broke over those lips that spoke in reply. It was enough. His manly arm was round her, his lips for the first time pressed hers, he went forth from that room her chosen, her affianced husband.

And now for Mabel Rayland's bridal eve. Amid a group of fair young girls she stands the fairest. Her dark and amid the clustered her raven hair they weave the gossamer veil and the orange blossom. The wealthiest bride of all, that season, she wears no jewels over her pure robe of satin. Her queenly and glorious beauty is her only ornament. Anon, she leans upon his arm, who stands beside her as all his noble and manly bearing, and her lips pronounce those vows that bind till death. The dazzling and brilliant scene passes unheeded for the moment; the present seems lost in the past, and her dead father rises before her, to approve her choice and bless his children. She looked upon the face of her husband, literally radiant with joy, and oh! how dull and vapid seemed the first love of the child, to the fervent devotion of the woman. That was a sweet delusion, but this, a bright and certain reality. The objects of both were standing beside her—James Lemox, with his eyes ever drawn and his manner entertained and embarrassed, attempted to follow others in his congratulations, and Walter, with his majestic figure, and his spiritually animated faces seemed like a being of another world.

Thank Heaven! thou art my last and best love!" she murmured half unconsciously.

Some one was saying to the late Dutch essay or tireless that it was much to be regretted that Mr. Penn, a young man well known for his eccentricities, should be incessantly playing such unaccountable pranks. "So it is," said her grace: "but why don't you advise him better?" He seems to be a pen that every one cuts, but nobody *mends*.

Original Tales.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

A bright afternoon, succeeding a chill, rainy morning in Autumn. The sunbeams, the more brilliant for their late impoisonment, gleamed gladly over vale, hillside and summit. Beautiful sunbeams, emblems of life and gladness to the human soul! infusing a livelier and livelier spirit in the drooping, animating the weary and desponding, glowing over all things with their golden lustre, making a sad world beautiful, and a bright world glorious. There stole through the cottage door, and the high arched portal of wealth; they rested, alike, on the hoary, bowed head of age, and the glad tresses of youth—on the infirmed and the lovelorn.

Mabel Rayland smiled, for the first time, that day, as she watched from her window the bustle and gaiety of the morning gradually wonder in the distance, and a warm, glowing radiance diffuse itself over the landscape. Her own young heart had been full of—I dissemble, but not a lighter and more cheering influence dispelled those recent gloom. Not long ran the very young remember their disappointment, or cease to gild the future with a glory, alas! never realized. And now, as the light of sunbeams streamed full upon the dark clusters of her hair, lending a tinge of purple to its blackness, and over her lovely, child-like face, the light of hope came up, like a bright beacon in her heart.

I will seek my father," she murmured, but he will not—he cannot, refuse the petition of his only child.

In the same mansion, with his head bent over his clasped hands, his limbs relaxed and listless, his eyes bent downward, though not upon the massive tome opened before him, sat a gentleman in deep thought. Suddenly, a small hand was laid upon his head, an arm stole round his neck, and the lips of his child touched his forehead. He looked up, with a quiet, searching glance into her arch face, and her ever sunny beneath. He drew his arm around her, and placed her beside him, and for a few moments neither spoke, though Mabel's heart uprooted like a frightened bird.

At length the father said, sadly and mournfully:

And so my daughter would leave me for the home of a stranger. Scarcely past her childhood, she deems herself capable of choosing a husband better than her father. Ah me! will she find the world always so flattering and so kind?—will her lover be ever so devoted? I, who have read life better than you, Mabel, I, who love you so truly and so fondly, have had my intended upon your wishes and I have only acted thus that you might be a happier and a nobler woman.

Oh, father!" and the girl in a low, tremulous voice, never, never can I find a heart nobler and better than your's to lean upon, never a home of greater enjoyment! Nor do I wish to leave you in your loneliness. He whom I love will join me in adding to your comfort, will be to you a son, supplying the place of my lost and lamented brother."

Never!" cried the old man vehemently, while he half rose from his chair, and slightly pushed away his daughter. "Never can such as James Lemox supply the place of my beloved Charles!" never shall he call me father! nor shall my home be polluted by his presence. He is a weak, unprincipled man. Mabel unstable as her wish, companion of the profligate and the dissipated."

Up over the girl's pale brow passed the burning crimson and her lips quivered angrily, and her eyes flashed indignantly as she stood up before his father.

He who told you these things perjured his soul with a base falsehood—and you informer I know. Dared Walter Lemox hope to bear insult and dishonor upon the noble head that stands unscathed and triumphant in its purity? dared he hope to win my hand by reviling his cousin's character! He is a fool and daring waxy coxcomb so than he shall be who wins the hand of Mabel Rayland!"

Yet, father," said she more calmly, as Mr Rayland stood with astonishment upon his usually mild daughter, Yet, could these charges be substantiated, you know how willingly I would resign James Lemox. But they cannot—they never can! And oh! father," she pursued, sinking upon her knees beside him, for my sake, do not cast him utterly off! father, goaded by despair and anguish, hopeless, aimless, may he not become what you picture him? For the sake of the love you bear me, for the sake of the love you bore my mother, look on this angelic upon her child! Give me but a hope, a distant hope, father! For my sake, relent your stern decree—he will be here, this evening—let it be my joyful face that shall greet him. Father, father, you will not utterly annihilate the happiness of your child!"

He looked upon her as she knelt before him, her face flushed with excitement, her dark eyes raised so beseechingly to his, her delicate form bent earnestly forward, and her child's heart fluttering against her bodice, and he leaned over her and clasped her to his bosom.

I have never been a harsh or an imperious parent, Mabel, and, were you placed so circumstanced, I yet, even now, could forgive. Two years shall pass before your marriage. Those years shall form your character, and if he, if Lemox love you still, and you still deem him worthy—I—will not thwart you. To no other conditions will I yield my assent."

A thousand, thousand thanks!" the maiden cried, kissing her father's cheek. "He will come unscathed from the ordeal, dearest father—he, himself, will prove how false your estimate of him has been. And see, she added, darting to the window, "some good angel has apprised him of my successful pleading, for here he comes, as fast as steed can carry him. How proudly—how nobly, he bears himself—even as some knight of the olden time—I must away to meet him, the bearer of glad tidings."

Mr Rayland turned to the window as his daughter quitted the room. A servant was leading away a horse from the massive old portal, and a young man now stood beside it with the face and form of an Adonis. There was a tone of finished elegance in his whole outline, an air of fashion well suited to his exquisite personal beauty. His eye, eager and wild as the falcon's, glanced into the face of the girl as she fled past him, and a deep flush settled on her cheek, and her eyelids fell from the father as he watched them disappear amid the windings of the garden walk, apparently in earnest and delighted conference.

Will her girl's heart break," he murmured, when this man's perfidy be proved, as it must be ere many months expire? or will she, like a true woman, spurn from her side one who is so base and so dissembling? She is happy now in the faith of the promise I have given her, and I did so promise her that she might be—that no power on earth should sever them—and I did so promise her that she might be happy."

He who told me these things perjured his soul with a base falsehood—and you informer I know. Dared Walter Lemox hope to bear insult and dishonor upon the noble head that stands unscathed and triumphant in its purity? dared he hope to win my hand by reviling his cousin's character! He is a fool and daring waxy coxcomb so than he shall be who wins the hand of Mabel Rayland!"

Yet, father," said she more calmly, as Mr Rayland stood with astonishment upon his usually mild daughter. Yet, could these charges be substantiated, you know how willingly I would resign James Lemox. But they cannot—they never can! And oh! father," she pursued, sinking upon her knees beside him, for my sake, do not cast him utterly off! father, goaded by despair and anguish, hopeless, aimless, may he not become what you picture him? For the sake of the love you bear me, for the sake of the love you bore my mother, look on this angelic upon her child! Give me but a hope, a distant hope, father! For my sake, relent your stern decree—he will be here, this evening—let it be my joyful face that shall greet him. Father, father, you will not utterly annihilate the happiness of your child!"

He looked upon her as she knelt before him, her face flushed with excitement, her dark eyes raised so beseechingly to his, her delicate form bent earnestly forward, and her child's heart fluttering against her bodice, and he leaned over her and clasped her to his bosom.

I have never been a harsh or an imperious parent, Mabel, and, were you placed so circumstanced, I yet, even now, could forgive. Two years shall pass before your marriage. Those years shall form your character, and if he, if Lemox love you still, and you still deem him worthy—I—will not thwart you. To no other conditions will I yield my assent."

A thousand, thousand thanks!" the maiden cried, kissing her father's cheek. "He will come unscathed from the ordeal, dearest father—he, himself, will prove how false your estimate of him has been. And see, she added, darting to the window, "some good angel has apprised him of my successful pleading, for here he comes, as fast as steed can carry him. How proudly—how nobly, he bears himself—even as some knight of the olden time—I must away to meet him, the bearer of glad tidings."

Mr Rayland turned to the window as his daughter quitted the room. A servant was leading away a horse from the massive old portal, and a young man now stood beside it with the face and form of an Adonis. There was a tone of finished elegance in his whole outline, an air of fashion well suited to his exquisite personal beauty. His eye, eager and wild as the falcon's, glanced into the face of the girl as she fled past him, and a deep flush settled on her cheek, and her eyelids fell from the father as he watched them disappear amid the windings of the garden walk, apparently in earnest and delighted conference.

Will her girl's heart break," he murmured, when this man's perfidy be proved, as it must be ere many months expire? or will she, like a true woman, spurn from her side one who is so base and so dissembling? She is happy now in the faith of the promise I have given her, and I did so promise her that she might

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Novel.

PAUL JONES.
A Story of the Sea.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST
BY REEFER RINGBOLT.

"The star spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

CHAPTER IX.
THE LETTER.

As early on the ensuing day as etiquette would permit I called at Mr. Harper's hotel, with a bounding heart, and knocked for admittance. The same porter met me, and with the same insolent look.

"Not at home!" was his reply to my inquiry for Miss Harper.

"Not at home!" I exclaimed, unable to conceal my irritation. "How is this? Your mistress told me herself last evening she would be at home at this hour."

"I know nothing of that," said the man, shrugging his shoulders. "I was ordered to deny you and that I must do."

A sudden thought flashed across me that perhaps Mr. Harper had heard of my late conduct and ordered me to be denied without consulting his daughter and hearing the extenuating circumstances.

"Is Mr Harper at home?" I said. "If so, let me see him."

The man hesitated. He had obviously received no instructions how to act in this emergency, and though he doubted the propriety of admitting me, he could find no reason to deny me. He said he would send up my card.

I took a seat in the ante-chamber and waited full fifteen minutes before any reply was returned. Then a footman brought me a letter, in Mr Harper's handwriting: and, with it, his master's request to be excused. I broke the seal. The note ran as follows:

Dear Sir—

It becomes my painful duty to assume an attitude towards you which may appear ungrateful; but, conscious of rectitude, I am sustained in a resolution which is so unpleasant to my feelings that otherwise I would abandon it. Circumstances, then, render it unfit for you to visit at my house; and I trust to your honor as a gentleman not to come here, as one you could not be welcome. I might as well be explicit. The manner in which you became acquainted with my daughter was destructive to the peace of both of you, and a further intimacy between you might be hereafter a source of regret to all. Our youthful dreams in life are so different that it would be madness to think of such a thing as a union between Mary and you. Then why seek to protract an acquaintance that with this bar between you, may result in life-long unhappiness to both. When you were here before I did not think the danger so great as I now consider it, for we who are growing old are too often apt to treat too slightly the perils of daily companionship between two young persons of opposite sexes. I should hold myself criminal, however, now that my eyes are opened to the danger, not to warn you at once, because I never could consent to your union with Miss Harper, and to delay my opposition until your feelings were irrecoverably enlisted in her favor would be unjust to one against whom I have no objection, besides this want of rank and fortune.

Let me correct myself. I should have made another exception. Your name has been in all the *cafes* for the last week, coupled indeed with subsequent, but subjoining such as convey disgrace to men of just views of mor

Could her silence be interpreted into a change of opinion! When we last met, it was certain she did not know the extent of her father's opposition to our love, even if, as I now thought from one or two words she dropped, she suspected he would be unfavorable to it; but now, having learnt his settled determination, might not her habits of implicit obedience induce her to surrender me. No one knows, I reasoned, how they will act until the crisis comes, and Mary might think and even say she would ever remain true to me, until the emergency arose. A parent's influence is great; might it not be sufficient to estrange her from me? Mr. Harper was an accurate observer of human nature, and an adept in managing it—the manner in which he appealed to my honor proved that—and being with Mary daily, as he would be, how could it be otherwise but that gradually he should undermine me in her affections. Thus I reasoned, and thus all lovers reason in like circumstances. A thousand fears beset them, which often are real, but grow only visionary.

I was in this state of mind, bordering on madness, when, on the second day after Mr. Harper's departure, I received a letter from Paul Jones requiring my instant presence at Brest. I set out before night, to join him, glad of an opportunity to find, in excitement, some alleviation of my misery.

CHAPTER X

THE BON HOMME RICHARD.

After numerous delays and continued disappointments, Paul Jones obtained a ship more worthy of him than the comparatively small sloop in which he had captured the Drake. The new vessel was not, however, equal to his deserts. She had been an Indiaman, possessed but one deck, and was pierced for twenty-eight guns. The commodore, however, altered her so that her armament should contain forty-two guns, a respectable battery. He called her "The Good Man Richard," out of compliment to Franklin. With the Alliance and Pallas frigates in company, the brig Vengeance, and a cutter, the Cerf, he set sail from Groix to cruise to the southward. Our ship proved a dull sailer, and an accident happening, by which the Alliance ran into us, we returned to port after an absence of a few days. Here the Richard was found to be rotten, but as the Alliance—the best ship in the squadron—had been given to Landais, and could not be obtained for Paul Jones, and as no better ship offered, he resolved to venture the cruize with her, waiting only for a few necessary repairs.

During the time occupied in our preparations, both before and after our first departure from Groix, I had heard nothing of Mary. From the hour when she left Paris her movements were involved in mystery. If she still loved me, circumstances prevented her acquainting me with her residence, or, perhaps, her rigid notions of duty and delicate sense of womanly propriety forbade it. Often I was tempted to think that, in spite of her protestations, she had forgotten me; and then I would proudly resolve to forget her. But a new season of tenderness would arise, and her image coming up before me, surrounded with a thousand dear remembrances, my determination would insensibly grow weaker, and at length disappear altogether. Thus fluctuating between these two extremes I spent the long winter months, only relieved from the pressure of my unhappiness when duty called me to active occupation.

We were now ready to sail on our second cruize. The night before we departed, a number of the younger officers met at a favorite hotel to sup together for the last time with a few friends on shore. One of the company had just returned from Paris. He was full of the gossip of the town.

"By the bye," he said, at length, turning to me, "the Harpers have returned from Italy where they have been spending the winter and spring. You ought have been in Paris to recall to Mr. Harper's beautiful daughter that she owed her life to you; for she is literally besieged with beaux, and who knows but you might distance all. For the glory of the profession I would hope you might. Comrades, I propose the health of *la belle Americaine*."

I did not altogether like the freedom with which Mary's name was used, but I saw that my shipmate's intention was good. Besides to have noticed it would have been to reveal my feelings. I was one of the first, therefore, to join in the bumper.

But this intelligence gave me new cause for unhappiness, which was increased when I heard my comrade dwell on the increased beauty and vivacity of Mary. Could she still regard me with affection if this was the case, I asked myself. While I pined in misery, separated from her, ought she to be gay? was the selfish thought that rose in my heart.

"No," I said mentally, "she has forgotten me. She knows of my presence here, and if she still cared for me, would have sent me some token of her undiminished affection. But she loves me not. New scenes and more worldly thoughts have eradicated from her heart her love for me, and she is now ready and willing to be sacrificed on the altar of rank and wealth. Let her go. I exclaimed, laughingly. "I too can forget, and I will either win a name which shall make her regret her perfidy, or die in the endeavor.

That night I drank high, and won the applause of my companions by my brilliant sparks. They told me I was the star of the company. I bestrewed being greeted with three times three on the conclusion of a speech, in which I returned thanks in behalf of my shipmates to our hospitable entertainers. I remember having my hand pressed enthusiastically by all, and then, amid mutual good wishes and a parting huzza, we left the hotel, accompanied by our friends to the boat. And, as we glided off to the ships, we heard faint and faint across the water, the parting shouts of our entertainers.

Our cruize, according to the orders transmitted to the Commodore, was to extend around Ireland and Great Britain, beginning off Scilly, and so making the circuit of the United Kingdoms until we reached the Texel, where we were to rendezvous for further orders. The second day but we captured a large Dutch ship laden with French property, and three days after took a brig bound from Limerick to London. Pursuing our course we made numerous prizes, many of them valuable, and struck terror into the towns and villages along the coast. So, hearing that Paul Jones was in the vicinity, they dreaded no attack such as he had attempted at Carrickfergus and Whitehaven.

We had not been long out before Captain Landais of the Alliance, began to show signs of insubordination. This gentleman was a vain self-conceited Frenchman, who hesitated continually between cowardice and a disposition to assert a separate command. In consequence, the Alliance was hereafter of little or no value to the squadron, and her conduct, in our well known encounter with the Serapis, came nigh losing us the battle, and reflected lasting disgrace on her commander. One of his acts was to send two letters of Marque, one of them mounting twenty-two guns and loaded with stores for the enemy on the American lakes, into Norway, where the Danish government restored them to England. Altogether, we should have been better without his cooperation.

We were a month from port when the Convent hills, in the southeastern part of Scotland, hove in sight, and being in the vicinity of the Frith of Forth, the Commodore determined to attempt the capture of the Scottish capital, or, at least to attack and lay under contribution its sea-port, Leith. The history of this daring attempt is well known—and I might be charged with an old man's garrulousness, if I inflicted a repetition of it on my readers. Suffice it to say that worn the enterprize might have been made with some hopes of success, we were prevented from attempting it by the absence of the Pallas and Vengeance, and the caution of the commodore's colleagues, and that when finally the attempt was made, a squall arose which forced us to take in our boats, and which, increasing to a gale, at length, compelled us reluctantly to beat out of the Frith, as we had before been driven from Whitehaven and Carrickfergus.

Continuing our course along the coast, we did much damage to the enemy's shipping—burning and sinking numerous colliers and other craft. When off Flamborough Head, we met the return Baltic fleet, under convoy of the Serapis, a forty-four, and the Countess of Scarborough, a twenty. The action that ensued, the most brilliant of Paul Jones' exploits, is as well known, however, even in its minutest details to my countrymen, that I avoid a description which might prove tiresome. It is enough to say that we conquered, though our ship sank on the ensuing morning, from injuries received in the strife. Our victory would have been more speedy but for the shameful cowardice of Landais, who kept at a safe distance during the whole combat. We transferred ourselves to the prize, the Serapis, after the loss of the Richard, and, after more than a week of boisterous weather, succeeded in reaching the Texel.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1843.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE POST.

It will be found, that we improve this week even upon our last. Having opened the campaign for the winter, we know of no such word as fail. Every thing that capital, industry and unwearied enterprize can accomplish, we shall do. The "Old Post" has borne "the battle and the breeze" for the last twenty-one years, and yet stands proudly *at the head* of the newspapers of this country, in point of circulation, profit and influence. The present volume we intend shall outdo all former execution, and in literary ability, raciness and general usefulness, we intend that none shall equal us.

Our prizes are now inviting the most liberal competition from persons of ability and eminence in the literary world: and we feel assured that the *Prize Articles*, will be of a high order of merit. The Post, therefore, for the coming season, will be *the* family newspaper, beyond all controversy and dispute.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Under the foregoing head the reader will find an item of unpleasant intelligence in the loss of the United States steamer Missouri. But it is a gratifying fact that the calamity was accompanied by no loss of life, and the very handsome compliment paid to the discipline of the American ship, by the Gibraltar press is a proud testimony to the character of both officers and crew. This untoward event will retard Mr. Cushing somewhat on his route to China, but has not cost him the loss of the splendid diplomatic fripperies in dress, of which the newspapers had so much to say. All his valuable effects were saved; and he pursued his route in an English steamer.

Other intelligence there is next to none. Queen Victoria having visited the King of the French, was on a trip to the Netherlands. It will not be a matter at all surprising if she take it into her head to visit America, one of these days, and pass through a portion of the United States *en route*. The reason of this trip to France, so suddenly made, may be perhaps traced to the disturbances in Ireland. Having purposed a visit to that country, and being deterred by the Repeal movement she was not willing to lose her jaunt by water.

At home we have little news. A terrible steam-boat explosion has occurred at the West, attended with an awful and prodigal waste of life. There must be something in the construction of the machinery of those Western boats which exposes them to more danger than the vessels here in use.

Local bustle we have abundance of—local intelligence we can have but little to offer until after the election, which now absorbs all men's minds. Business continues active, and the voice of complaint is seldom heard amongst us.

EACH MAN'S HORIZON.

We are all fair seeing people—in our own opinion. The circle of each man's view takes in all that is worth seeing, and the round of each one's experience includes every thing that is worth knowing. Under such a consolatory condition of knowledge and of view, it is exceedingly proper that every mother's son and daughter of us should regard those out a certain charmed circle as mere outside barbarians. What think you of the world? a question too easily answered, if the person replying will but have the common sense to regard that as the world, of which he or she is the acknowledged centre, and all without the limits of his views as a desert region—not worth a thought. It is this comfortable philosophy which makes the Esquimaux content with his seal steaks and whale oil soup. It is this that makes the Copt who burrows in the Pyramids, and hates Pharaohs to cook his locusts, pity those who are without mummies for fuel and insects for food.

It is this trait that induces the king of twenty-five negroes, in the interior of Africa, to send forth his herald to proclaim that he has supped, and that all other potentates of earth are now at liberty to do so. It is this that binds the Goutre to the Alps, and the Arab to the desert. We grow to surrounding objects. We are possessed by their influence: inspirited by their spirit, habituated to their very disagreeables, till what seem to others intolerable disadvantages, are our comforts.

Of Tommy Thatcher's heir one sight a year with Billy Boniface.

The wind was at a fearful height the sea was tremendous running.

Lord bless us how I prize those unhappy chips of bold arms.

The tiles must fly—the walls must crack—but fall hand must stand now.

In all their danger, and their woe, their wonder and their fear.

What wouldn't they give, in such a case to be as safe as we are!

A little exaggerated you say? Precious little too, let us tell you. A good sea boat in wide sea room, well found and well manned is as safe a shelter as the world can offer, and quite as comfortable as any other. The truth is that "each man's horizon," so finds his view, that he cannot appreciate the condition and circumstances of others. If he could we should feel less of that content in the world which makes it now so tolerable.

Still, as reasonable beings, we are bound to have a little more charity for other men, and a little higher appreciation of other occupations, a little less sectional and national jealousy, and a great deal more charity than at present. Let us recollect that where our horizon is bounded on the West, another begins on the East—and that as the same immortal sun lights all these things of view, the same kind Providence has in charge all circles and communities of men.

PERILS OF THE SEA.

The brig Erskine Skaats (late Wood) arrived at New Bedford last week from Port Praya, with but ten barrels of sperm oil. Mr. Miller, the mate states, that on the 4th of July last, two whales were seen and the boats started in pursuit, the captain in one boat, and the mate in another, and steering in opposite directions were soon out of sight of each other, and each boat got fast to a large whale, about 10 o'clock the captain's boat was stove, and a little later the mate's also; the latter, however, succeeded in stopping the leak, and reached the brig about 2 o'clock at night, and on learning that the captain's boat was missing immediately dispatched a boat in pursuit of it. On reaching the boat, they found that the captain had died of exhaustion, and the crew had hauled his body across the boat; one or two of the crew were also nearly gone, and all were taken on board. Mr. Miller then made the best of his way into Port Praya, where the brig was put in charge of Captain Skaats, late of bark Benares, of Philadelphia, lost near that place.

THE POST OFFICE.

We observe that another attempt has been made at head quarters to enforce certain obsolete laws relative to the transmission of newspapers and periodicals. Since the passage of the acts referred to many things have happened which render them extremely inapplicable to the present state of things. Periodicals have grown up into a circulation which, a few years ago was not dreamed of—railroads have facilitated the operations of the periodicals by bringing distant points nearer, in time, together; and a habit of reading has risen, which, growing by what it feeds on, has made the printing-press more than ever important in our country.

A few years ago a man who should have undertaken to make a living by the sale of newspapers and periodicals, would have been a laughing stock for his neighbors. Now establishments for the sale of such commodities are found in nearly every large town, and in all cities. Newspapers and periodicals are transmitted in heavy bales, as merchandize, in quantities which would utterly swamp the mail, if the letter of the law were attempted to be complied with. At the south, now, if the newspapers prove troublesome to the mail carrier he throws aside the bag for a week or two; and at the north similar expedition would, we presume, be gained by employing the mail for the conveyance of the millions of copies of periodicals of all sorts which are yearly exchanged between our large cities and towns.

Yet Mr. Wickliffe has issued circulars to the Rail Road Presidents, and we suppose to others, requiring a literal fulfilment of the Post Office Law, and indeed, asking a little more than that; viz: that the agents and conductors shall keep such merchandize out of the trains. How are these officials to know whether a box containing Graham's Magazine, the Saturday Post, or any other article, equally necessary in a well ordered house-hold, but clearly not "mailable" in the Postmaster's sense!

People will not submit to have either their information or their means of refined literary enjoyment hampered in the way that the Postmaster proposes. There is no justice or reason in it: and the wiser course for the Postmaster is, to leave matters as they now are, until Congress shall pass a new act adapted to the present state of the country.

Since the above was in type we have observed a piece of precious humbuggery. The Postmaster of Boston has issued a notice, calling the attention of merchants and others, forwarding letters to Europe by the British mail steamers, to the necessity of passing their letters and newspapers through the post-office in order to insure their delivery in Europe. It appears that all letters found on board these ships, if they have not been regularly mailed, are seized by the British admiralty agent and returned to the post office in Boston. It should be distinctly understood that letters are not to be forwarded by these steamers unless the inland United States postage has been first paid.

If we understand this, it amounts to a collusion between the British admiralty agent, and the American Post Office, to compel letters, even from Boston, to be put into the Boston office and pay a tax there. There is no wonder that the penny postage is not adopted—the penny principle is monopolized by the management: and the Department is sedulously engaged in saving at the tap, while by the neglect of proper legislative reforms, there are woful leaks at the bung-hole.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The opening day of the Exhibition of the Philadelphia Society, for promoting Agriculture, drew a crowd of spectators to the Landreth Tavern on Wednesday. The scene presented one of cheerful bustle; the day was fine, and the collection presented was one of great interest. We give the names of the exhibitors, deferring the list of premiums until next week, when we can have it in season for our country edition.

The only sheep were some Southdowns, the property of T. M. Smith.

Exhibitors of Durham, and other fine cattle, were: Messrs. James Gowan, Dennis Kelly, William Robinson, George Martin, Owen Sheridan, Capt. G. Maxwell of Delaware, Joseph Brady, Francis Gordon of Delaware, Benjamin Yocum, Manuel Eyre, Jr., J. N. Dickson, Wm. Thomas, Owen Jones, H. Neiman, Isaac W. Roberts, R. T. Potts, Isaac Newton, George Allsop, John Hill, Col. John H. Powell, S. Martin, S. Cooper, Josiah Barnes, Thos. Smith, S. Williams, Col Kenderton Smith, Charles Jones, John Hunter, and others whose names we could not ascertain.

These exhibitors had, many of them, several specimens, and a more magnificent display of cattle is seldom seen. Exhibitors of horses were:

Messrs. Dennis Kelly, Dr. G. McClellan, Wm. Cottman, Charles Lloyd, John F. Parke, C. W. Keyser, William Robinson, Benjamin Stiles, Wm. Howell, Samuel Winn, T. C. Caldwell, Samuel W. Woodward, Thomas T. Thorlton, Hugh Rogers, Edward D. Green.

Exhibitors of Swine. John Essex, Benjamin Hinchman, Lewis Willard.

Corn and Vegetables. Dennis Kelly, William Thornton of Bucks, M. S. Powell, William H. Howell of Montgomery, Isaac Newton of Delaware county.

There was also a small but excellent assortment of agricultural implements, which we are not able to particularize. It is proper also to remark in this connexion that there was some difficulty in obtaining names and other particulars, and that therefore it is next to certain that we have made some oversights. The interest manifested by the public in the exhibition, taken with similar manifestations in all sections of the country, is in the highest degree favorable to the true prosperity of the country.

NONSENSE RUNNING TO SEED.

We have no disposition to be unfriendly. We know that there are persons, believers in Mesmerism, who could by no persuasion be induced to lend their influence to a fraud; and the fact that some of these attest to the actual occurrence of positive impossibilities increases our wonder, rather than shakes our incredulity. It is easier to believe that all the world can be deceived, than to admit the genuineness of the pretensions of "Mesmerism and among the dupes of their own enthusiasm, and of their own superabundant credulity, we class many who think that they themselves perform miracles. But while we cheerfully admit that there are good and honest persons among the disciples of this fantastic school, we stoutly claim that there are many wilful rogues and deceivers. These, in their shortsightedness, make the matter ridiculous. Witness certain proceedings in Nashua, N. H. as related in the Gazette, published in that place. It would seem that a little girl, daughter of one Absalom Lawrence, is afflicted with strange bodily contortions, which are attributed to the malevolent influence of a woman, old and ugly of course, in that neighborhood. This old woman prevents the cream coming; rides into a house through the crack of a door, makes a terrible stamping on the stairs, and cuts singular capers among the pots and kettles. The power of Mesmerism was invoked to satisfy the doubts of the incredulous, as there will be incredulous people every where. Being put into a Mesmeric sleep, the somnambulist saw the spirit of the old witch approach the house on a white horse on which a shoe had never been placed, and come in under the crack of the door, leaving the horse outside. The spirit appeared to be vexed, and the somnambulist said it was because the Doctor was there endeavoring to thwart her plans by his Mesmeric power!

This matter is too painfully absurd to be considered laughable. One cannot laugh at so abject a debasement of reason—so pitiful a degradation of intellect. But there is this comfort in it—that it shows the nonsense of Mesmerism and Clairvoyance is running to *seed*: and we know that from such seed the crop must be contempt for the ridiculous delusion.

☞ The President of the United States has appointed Greenbury Dorsey, Esq. Collector of the Port of New Orleans, in place of Thomas Gales Morgan, Esq., resigned.

NEWSPAPER SLANG.

In a newspaper just established in the country—we forbear to mention town or State—occurs the following: "Our big court will commence on Monday, the 11th inst., at which we hope our grand jurors will at least keep sober. You were allowed the privilege of getting drunk last court; so this is your time to keep sober." This may be wit—but we cannot appreciate it. Or it may be truth, and if so, more's the pity; and conscious shame for his vicinity should have prompted the editor to broach such a truth in a style a little more penitent.

But the truth is, it is neither wit nor truth. It is not humor—and no construction of argument we suspect can prove it pathos. It is—slang—and slang of the worst description, too. Of such matter is the mildew of our newspaper literature; from it spring street encounters, mobs, murders, lynchings, and other breaches of the peace. By such a "literature" (save the mark!) is the conversation of the readers degraded into uncouthness and blackguardism; refinement is lost, and men become in many cases not only no better than speaking brutes, but a great deal worse.

FARMING WORTH WHILE.

The Utica Gazette states that a person purchased 620 acres of land in Wisconsin, at two dollars per acre, making $1240. He paid for breaking it up and sowing, $2 an acre, and for fencing $1000. His seed cost him about $1000 more, so that the whole expense was about $4560. From this he realizes the first year, thirty-five bushels to the acre, average, which is 21,700 bushels, worth at least fifty cents above the expense of harvesting. This will amount to $10,850, or in other words, he will pay for his land, getting it under and enclosing, and all expenses, and have rising of $6000 net profit.

It is very true that this is an amount of profit that is not to be made every year; but there is this about a farmer's gains, greater or smaller, which make them always pleasant. They result from good actually *produced*: are not made by bargains in which the buyer might have been a loser, or earned by speculation but are the honest value of certain desirable and necessary commodities, which enrich the farmer without, in any degree, making any body else poor.

CITY ROWDIES.

From a report made to City Councils by a committee appointed on the petition of citizens of North Mulberry Ward, we gather the following facts relative to arrests of rioters. Since December 25th, 1841, there have been eighty-three individuals arrested and held to bail by the Mayor for riotous conduct—seven in some less than $1000, all the rest in stronger bonds. On these arrests the Grand Jury have found sixty-eight true bills, the other cases being either ignored or not presented to the jury. Of these indictments twenty-eight have never been tried; and there are also twelve bills relative to which nothing can be ascertained. There were twenty acquittals, leaving only eight convictions; and two of these eight remain yet unsentenced.

Whatever else may be said of this record, one thing is certainly apparent: that the City of Philadelphia is orderly and quiet. Forty arrests of rioters a year is certainly not a large number.

THE ELECTION.

The Election in this State, for members of Congress, of the State Legislature, and for City and County Officers will take place next Tuesday. Tuesday, then, will afford a climax to the great politico-carnivo-tretico drama which is now going on, and has been for some weeks. But there arises in this connexion a troublesome question. What will those who have talked of nothing but of party and local politics talk about when the question is all settled, the offices are all apportioned, and there is no more an immediate election day to look forward to as a subject of interest? Whoever could get up an innocent theme of excitation to meet this pending emergency, would deserve well of the citizens of city and county. So far, the electioneering appears to have been conducted on the best possible spirit: and we hope that it may thus continue till the closing of the polls. Then, indeed, shall we have something worth talking about.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

On Wednesday, the 13th ultimo, a Miss Rebecca Ginter, a young woman, living at or near the forks of the Phillipsburg and Birmingham road, in Clearfield county, accompanied by six children, of from 12 to 4 years of age, went out into the woods to gather berries. They got bewildered and remained in the woods till Friday evening, exhausted with cold, hunger and exertion. The party were found huddled together under a sort of shelter, which the young woman had made with broken branches of bushes, &c., for their protection. In their extremity she had stripped her own person to afford relief to one of her little companions, (a child 4 years old,) which was near perishing. They were all in the last stage of exhaustion, and must inevitably have perished if relief had not been afforded that day. One shudders at the thought of such a calamity so narrowly escaped.

TERRIBLE MURDER.

One of the most shocking murders, notice of which has recently come under our eye, occurred in Baltimore on Thursday night of last week. A young woman, named Ann Maria Burke was in the evening attacked by a man, who probably mistook her for another, and who inflicted several blows upon her head, by which her lower jaw was broken; but the fatal blow was given on the head, behind the ear, by which the skull was fractured. She was a nurse in the family of R. H. Neale, Esq. and was, at the time of the assault, proceeding to the residence of Mr. Poulson, at which servant girl from Boston, to be put into the Boston office and pay a tax there. There is no wonder that the penny postage is not adopted—the penny principle is monopolized by the management: and the Department is sedulously engaged in saving at the tap, while by the neglect of proper legislative reforms, there are woful leaks at the bung-hole.

BASE APPETITE.

We learn from the Baltimore Sun that the following affecting scene recently occurred in the streets of that city. An officer had arrested a drunken woman. He had proceeded with her but a short distance, when her two small children overtook them, and commenced begging and entreating the officer with tears in their eyes, to forgive their mother this time, and they would try to persuade her to promise that she would never get drunk or misbehave any more. Their petition was truly heartrending, and it would have required a man with a heart of stone, to have resisted the appeal. When allowed to conduct her back to her home, tears of joy sparkled in their little eyes, and ever and anon they would look around to hear that the officer might again return. Oh! that woman ever touch the poison again!

BACK FARTHER STILL.

Some gentlemen at a Fourth of July dinner this year gave as a toast: "Washington—Heaven left him childless that millions might call him father." Some of the friends of Col. S. I. Knapp have insisted that the sentiment was not new this year, and gave it to the late Mr. Knapp. But the Haverhill Gazette publishes an address delivered in that town on the 22d of February, 1799, the year of Washington's death, in which occur these words—"Heaven wrote him childless, that millions might find in him a father." The author was Rev. Abel Abbott, an eminent clergyman of New England, known in the literary world as the author of "Letters from Cuba," and other works.

DR BROWNLEE.

We regret to learn that the Rev. Dr. Brownlee, of New York, was stricken with a stroke of paralysis on Tuesday of last week, as he was walking in the street at Newburg, to which place he went that day for the purpose of delivering a temperance lecture. Though at the time of his first attack great fears were felt, it has since been stated that his recovery is probable, much to the joy of his friends.

THE TRUE DOCTRINE.

The best way to make a nation wealthy, is to encourage its agriculture. And wealth earned on the farm, does not impoverish the *virtue of a man while it enriches his pocket. Consequently all true patriots look upon the establishment of Agricultural Societies, as among the best directed efforts of association.* The Buckeye boys are waking up to the propriety of such associations. The First Annual Exhibition of the Ohio Horticultural Society took place at Cincinnati, on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. From the reports given in the papers, we infer that the display was highly creditable to the horticulturists of Ohio, as well as to the members of the recently organized Society.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

The New Orleans papers state that the steamer Clipper, Capt. Laurent, bursted her boilers on the 19th ult. as she was backing out from Bayou Sara, to proceed to Tunica. At the explosion the boat broke in two, and sank immediately. The boilers and a part of the cabin were blown away entirely. Of the whole crew, (supposed to be forty) only nine persons escaped—Capt. Laurent, and the pilot, Mr. Jordan, uninjured, and seven scalded. Captain Bessy, who was acting as clerk on board, is among the missing. John Tyson, engineer, and the mate, were severely scalded, and their recovery is despaired of. There were no passengers on board.

BAD EXAMPLE.

Some of our citizens seem very anxious to import from abroad whatever may chance to be the evil fashion of the time. The Columbus, Ohio, State Journal says that a serious occurrence took place a few days ago, on the Columbus and Sandusky turnpike; several persons collected to tear down a toll gate, they were resisted, and fire-arms were used. Several persons were injured. Another toll gate, with the toll house, was entirely demolished. These men are imitating the Welsh "Rebeccaites." They would do much better in toasting their own cheese quietly at home, and getting up Welsh rarebits.

ROOM YET.

By comparison with the products of the old world it would appear that even in our most populous States the farmers have room yet. Dr. Beechman stated in his Address before the late New York State Agricultural Fair in Rochester, that 10,000,000 of cattle and 44,000,000 of sheep are kept in England, advantageously, on a territory but little larger than the State of New York. This is not far from twice the number of sheep now in the whole United States. The English cultivators of the soil harvest annually according to Dr. B. 262 millions of bushels of grain. The farmers of New York about 31 millions.

KILKENNY COWS.

The Bellows Falls Gazette, says that Joseph Spaulding, of Weathersfield, a farmer, on leaving his field for dinner, a few days ago, discovered two of his cows engaged in open conflict with each other, and apprehending no serious consequences, thought he would not interfere himself, but let them fight it out. But what was his surprise, when on his return back, to find both cows with their heads turned too and stretched horizontally upon the ground dead, the necks of both being broken! The Kilkenny cats are now thrown in the shade. Mr Spaulding deserved his loss for his inattention.

ATROCIOUS VILLAINY.

An attempt was made last week to murder Mr. J. B. Wood, and his family, at Somersworth, N. H., by exploding a large keg of powder on the sill of his door, within six feet of his bedroom, *where slept himself, wife, and infant babe, and almost under where slep his two little boys.* But, strange to say—although the house was rabbled throughout, and the window glass, in ten thousand pieces, driven into the walls, doors, and beds—every person in it, fifteen in number, escaped alive! The cause of this attempted outrage is said to be Mr. W.'s prosecution of violators of the license law.

A FEMALE PREACHER.

There is now living in Harrison county, Ohio, says the Carroll Free Press, a married lady who preaches a sermon at her residence every other Sabbath day. While the paroxysm is on, she is wholly insensible to all surrounding objects, but readily refers to subjects discussed by her in previous discourses. She has preached nearly one hundred sermons, periodically. Very singular case indeed; but we dare say her husband is better pleased than he would be if she delivered a lecture every evening.

YANKEES ABROAD.

The Montreal Herald states that two enterprising gentlemen from the United States, with the design of establishing a cotton manufactory in that province, have recently concluded the purchase of a fine mill privilege in the Chambly District, where they are now engaged in erecting buildings upon an extensive scale to carry out their plan. We think the "enterprising gentlemen" might have found water power sufficient in the United States.

UNBURNT BRICKS.

It is stated that within a few months past the Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, of Windsor, Ct. has been making an experimental trial of building a house with unburnt brick, and he seems to entertain no doubt of its success. There is no doubt a man might succeed in building a house of cobs: but there is some question whether, when completed, it would answer for a powder magazine. Sun dried bricks, however, are an novelty.

ELECTION.

James E. Murdock, a Philadelphian formerly widely and favorably known as an actor, and always esteemed as a citizen, has left the stage, and now devotes his histrionic talents to teaching elocution. He has commenced a course of lectures, interspersed with recitations, attention to which will amply reward any person who speaks in public.

A HARDY VETERAN.

Mr. Jonathan Allen, a Revolutionary soldier residing in Lexington, Me., is now one hundred years and some weeks old. He enjoys good health, converses very intelligibly about the campaigns he was in, has lived to see his fifth generation, the oldest twelve years, and attended the polls and deposited his vote at the late election.

CONSUMPTION.

This disease is spoken of frequently as peculiar to this country—but no small proportion of the deaths in England and Wales arise from the same cause. According to the statistical reports issued by the Register General, about *one-fifth* of the total mortality in England and Wales is attributable to pulmonary consumption.

FAT OXEN.

Gen. Wm. A. Mills, of Mount Morris, Livingston county, had a pair of oxen at the Cattle Show at Rochester, N. Y. which weighed 6200 pounds. According to the subtentious line

Who dresses his oxen should himself be fat—

—the driver of this yoke should be a very Daniel Lambert.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

The memory of the founder of Rhode Island, it seems, has a new luster in store. A letter has been received by Professor Elton, from a literary correspondent, stating that the poet Southey had left among his manuscripts an unfinished poem on King Philip's War and Roger Williams.

OREGON TERRITORY.

The Madisonian says that the Oregon Question will be settled during the present administration. We hope that in this case, the Madisonian will prove a true prophet: for an honorable adjustment of this matter is more important just now than any other part of our foreign relations.

ANOTHER COMET.

It is said that a comet was distinctly visible on the 17th of September last, at New Orleans, about 11 o'clock, in the West, ranging with the moon, and lying between it and the verge of the horizon. We trust, Orleans, that this is not "all in your eye."

GREAT WATER PARTY.

It is stated that five thousand persons were lately present at a Temperance pic-nic, at Niagara Falls. Whatever else in the way of refreshment they may have carried to the spot, it is pretty sure that they needed to take no water along.

SAFE PRESCRIPTION.

The Boston Courier states that a homœopathic physician in the neighborhood of that city recently ordered that a pail full of fresh water should be placed under a patient's bed, and changed three times a day!

The Fine Arts.

ACADEMY'S AND ARTIST'S EXHIBITION.

The exhibition of paintings and drawings, projected by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the Artists of Philadelphia, is now open at the Artists' Fund Hall, in Chesnut above Tenth sts., and we are forced to say, notwithstanding great temptations to think otherwise, that the collection is superior to any heretofore seen in Philadelphia, we may safely add, in the United States. This superiority consists in the comparatively few portraits, in the presence of numerous foreign pictures, and in the very high merit of many of the American compositions. We shall confine ourselves as much as possible, in our notices, to the latter, though one or two of the former will receive a passing comment.

No. 3—*Weary Traveller—by P. F. Rothermel.* —Good—especially the figure of the man, but the composition does not strike us as forcibly as an earlier piece on a like subject, by the same artist, which we have seen somewhere.

No. 4—*Washington Crossing the Allegheny River—D. Huntingdon.*—This picture has been praised overmuch. It is in Huntingdon's worst style. The deep black of one part of the sky, and the wild glowing red of another, are contrary to nature, and do not convey the idea of early morning in the winter. The whole picture is too sooty. But the figures are good, that of Washington especially.

No. 6—*Landscape View in Wales—by Joshua Shaw.*—Very fine, though inferior to a view in South Wales, by the same artist, which we regret is not in the exhibition. There are but few trees in this picture, and the distant mountains form its most striking point. Those who know Mr. Shaw's peculiarities—his absurd mannerism in painting foliage, and the skill and nature he displays in aerial perspective—will see at once that this composition is one of his best. The clouds cooling around the far-off hills, the shaded valleys between and the summits of blueish gray melting almost imperceptibly into the azure sky, prove the presence of a master's pencil.

No. 7—*Full Length Portrait of Bishop White by Henry Inman.*—The reputation of this portraiture is so well established, that we can afford to pass it without further remark.

No. 13—*An Early Incident in the Life of Washington—by H. Inman.*—This picture is marked by all Mr. Inman's peculiarities, though it is less cold than many of his productions. We object, however, to the grouping. The figures are placed equidistant, and in a straight line, the least graceful arrangement the artist could have hit upon. There is in consequence, a stiffness about the picture which displeases us. We like, however, the attitude of Washington, though the face is that of the President quite as much as that of the boy. The easy repose of the figure in the left corner caught for us much admired.

No. 14—*Achilles Mourning over the Dead Body of Patroclus—by Benjamin West.*—A grand composition in its way!—as a piece of anatomical painting nothing could be finer. The left shoulder and arm of the corpse—the whole person of Achilles—the man with extended arms shrinking back in the left corner, and the attitudes of the figures generally cannot receive too much praise. We are no extravagant admirer of West. The patronage of that old fool, George the III., gave West a reputation he did not deserve. Hazlitt has remarked, with a little satire, but more truth, that he never painted a head. The truth is, West had little or no ideality. Instead of painting the soul, he painted muscles, bones, and flesh. If he wished to produce a ghastly effect, he gave you the head of a corpse, as in Death on the Pale Horse. If he wished to show a hero in grief, he distorted his countenance until it looked like a maniac's, as in the face of Achilles in this picture. The stern, majestic sublimity that breaks in Michael Angelo, the exquisite grace and beauty that flow on the canvass of Raphael are wanting in our countryman; but no painter, ancient or modern, has exercised less in anatomy. In the painting of muscles, bones, and in the effects to be produced by these wholly physical causes, he stands unsurpassed. He rose above mediocrity, it at most respectable talent, in nothing else: this it is in which his claims to immortality rest. But this is not the loftiest track, and Sir Benjamin West has been overrated. Art knows no country, and therefore, we speak fearlessly.

No. 15—*Landscape. Scenery on the Otter—by Thos. Doughty.*—Thos. and No. 45 by the same artist, evince decided improvement over earlier efforts. The blasted trees, in the foreground of this picture, are in the true picturesque.

No. 16—*Interior of Mendicant Mission with Nuns—by P. F. Rothermel.*—Very good. The figures in the foreground are well brought out, and in a somewhat novel style. The light dress of the hero contrasts finely with the rich dark colors lavished on Nuns. The distant perspective is excellent, indeed, several only to that of Shaw. Rothermel is steadily advancing in merit, and Philadelphia should be proud of him, the first of her young artists.

No. 17—*Melrose—by E. G. Leutze.*—An exquisite creation: a fine picture. It has been on exhibition and criticised at length, heretofore.

No. 20—*Portrait of Thorndale—by G. B. Hough.*—There are good points in this picture, and Mr. Waugh is a man of talent, whose works we shall notice hereafter.

No. 24—*Columbus before Queen Elizabeth—by P. F. Rothermel.*—We never admired this picture. It is devoid of all genius. The figures are ranged on either side, like lowers, kept apart by the rope—and the centre is empty, as if the artist, at one time contemplated calling the composition in half. But there is a richness and depth about the coloring which make us regret that so much good taste in execution was lavished on such a faulty design.

No. 27—*Landscape—by G. Innes.* This is an English picture, but we notice it on account of its high merit. The effect is very fine. The manner in which the shadows of the trees are carried across the lane, while against the gush of light that streams in from behind, the figure of the horseman is brought out, will strike every artistical eye. Then the skill with which the red brick arch of the little bridge is made prominent in the foreground, to relieve the prevailing green of that part of the picture, as well as the introduction of the red roof among the trees to the right, and the gradually increasing brown of the foliage until it melts away almost imperceptibly into the evening sky, merit the highest praise. The manner in which each part produces its separate effect, yet subsides insensibly into the whole, reminds us of fine choral music. The details of the picture are carelessly executed, and compare unfavorably with the minute finish of Boddington, as seen in No. 223.

No. 34—*Hogarden—by J. G. Chapman.*—This is one of a series of vignettes, comprising in addition, Nos. 34, 36, 46, 76, and No. 81 graceful.

No. 35—*Country Wedding—by Krimmel.*—Good.

No. 36—*Artist's Dream—by G. H. Coonyer.*—A highly imaginative picture, evincing the genius of this artist, whose untimely fate presses, with melancholy force on us, as we write. In his studio we saw the rough sketch of this composition, we followed it afterward through all its stages, we saw its complete execution, and now we look on it here, gazed at by careless eyes, while the lofty soul that imaged it hath lies shattered and in darkness.

No. 37—*Portrait of Commodore Biddle—by J. Sully.*—Excellent.

No. 52—*Portrait of Mrs. Sokolow and Fanny Kemble—by H. P. Briggs.*—Too much cannot be said in praise of this picture, which was painted seventeen years ago, when Miss Kemble was in her seventeenth year.

No. 53—*Zelda—by W. Page.*—This very fine picture was exhibited here eighteen months ago, and its merits are generally known. Those full, deep eyes follow us, looking into our soul, wherever we go.

No. 57—*Returning from Market—by Krimmel.*—Faithful to nature.

No. 58—*Sancho before the Duchess—by Miss Anna Leslie.* A good copy of a celebrated picture.

No. 60—*Landscape—by T. Doughty.*—Passable.

No. 61—*Meditation—by J. P. de France

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *Frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Messrs. Mosier, Fay, R. Smith, G. H. Crandall, J. R. Humphrey, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John P. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *Jesse K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stone and Henry Pleak.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

MANSON HILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

THE GIFT.—Messrs. Carey & Hart have published "The Gift" for 1844—and a most magnificent gift it is. Always among the most popular of the annuals, this work for the coming year, may be safely pronounced superior to any of its predecessors,—and the publishers even likely to distance most, if not all of their competitors in the execution of the purpose of this peculiar branch of literature. Besides being superbly bound, splendidly illustrated, and having the usual press executed in a very superior style, "The Gift" is enriched by contributions from Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Seba Smith, Miss H. F. Gould, Mrs. Mary Clavers," Willis, Hoffman, Lowell, Emerson, Channing, Sargent, Seba Smith, and a number of others, who rank deservedly high in popular estimation; and it is not wonderful that, with such an array of talent combined to make it attractive, the work should prove somewhat a time to extraordinary excellence.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—We are pleased to find a new number of this favorite periodical upon our table, as there be very many who desire a well of its country that one in Mr. Comstock. We are a "climbing people, and as gentle speaking is an invariable part of the process of climbing in a republic, he who puts the finer principles at work must be an unintelligible and unpopular man—a politic heretic. Of all intellectual good things a good speech is delivered is most unmistakable, of toleration had things a great speech graced by a speaker is most estimable; a bad speech ill spoken is lower than Scotley's Cave in Thalia. In a good speech well spoken in the happiest of man's intellectual and physical triumphs. Success to Dr. Comstock!

The Book of Common Prayer.—No. II of the illustrated edition of the Book of Common Prayer has been received at Graham's Periodical Depot, No. 98 Chestnut street. It is elaborately embellished, more so perhaps than any preceding number. We have seen the engraved numbers which will be given to subscribers after the work is complete. It is got up in a rich style corresponding with the character of the letter press. One side contains a representation of the exterior of Trinity Church, the other an interior view. The Life of the Saviour, to be published in the same manner, will be commenced in No. 3, and with this Prayer Book, the Commentary on the Prayer and the Life of the Saviour there truly elegant volumes will be founded.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—This Magazine for the current month has been received by the Philadelphia publishers, Campbell & Co. It contains its usual character—bold for the time during which it has been issued, and in contrast. Abbe-ration—pleasant in its character but decidedly peculiar and smacking in its articles upon Cardinal Wolsey. We do not see the use or the object of, or making reference to, Black Dog gentlemen's Literary Gazette, as such reference only serves to give the latter a puff he has given evidences in powers never exceeded by any writer in the Knickerbocker.

THE EUCLECTIC MUSEUM of *Foreign Literature, Edited by J. H. Agnew. Philadelphia and New York: E. Ghent.* The number for August has a capital re-print by Carlyle on "The League of Nations." Macaulay's last article on the same subject follows. The number also contains other valuable scientific, historical and other useful matter, with a pleasant proportion of light reading. We are pleased to have found that the work since the union of the Eclectic and Ladies's is going on very prosperously.

NEW BOOKS.—We have upon our table several works of more or less merit, of increasing interest. Mahon's Religion by Lee & Blanchard—Pictorial History and Naval Biography. The American Biblical Repository, a work on theology compared with Scripture Concordance, and a new edition of the Life of Mrs. Isabella Graham, from Carpenter & Co. and several others to which the attentions will be given hereafter.

OUTLINES OF CHRIST.—*By Thomas A Kempis. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* This is the first American edition of a work which there are probably none, at all theologically read, who have not heard of. It is complete in one volume—beautifully got up, and contains a portrait of the author, and the "Imitation of Christ." It will be a highly acceptable work to those who love to commune with the closet and spirits of the just.

TALES AND TRADITIONS, *of Every Kingdom. By the Author of the Last Penny.* New York: *H. W. Dodd. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* This is an excellent little story, written by a young author whose previous efforts have met with a high approval at the hands of the public as to the merit of the work.

MARIUS, A SKETCH.—*Translated from the French. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* A collection of pleasant practical stories by one of the most deservedly popular story writers of the day. By the way we shall at once present the readers at the Post an original story from the same pen.

WOMAN IN WORKS.—*By Caroline Gilman. Lindsay & Blakiston.*—This is the second part of a work by the same author, noticed a week or two since. It treats of the "Unwritten Home," some of the most ineffectable wrongs of woman, when she is forsaken with a

ST. CLEMENT'S CONVENTION.—The valuable work has reached its fourth number. Alone is now so nearly complete that the publication at M'Calloch will be pursued the more regularly. It may be had at 98 Chestnut street, and of Zieber & Co. and Perkins & Purves.

THE CHURCH FARMER.—*By Parish Schoolmaster.—By the Rev. Henry Dennis, D. D.* This is the first American edition of a little work which has passed through five editions in Edinburgh, and is passing through another. It is a good little book.

THE TWO BROTHERS.—*New York: Harper. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.*—A beautiful little story and very neatly got up. It is just the type to attract the young reader, and will do him who reads good, while it amuses.

FOREST LIFE.—Burley's Capital Sketches illustrative of Indian Life are now complete, and the full set may be obtained of Colon. It has an unfortunate title page, and is worthy a place in every American portfolio.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.—*By George Kennedy. New York: E. Ghent. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston.* This is a little story by the author of "The Decision." "Examiner Universal," and other works of the class.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—*Zieber & Co.*—The October number of this work has not suggested copy of Boucicault's Irish Heiress. The literary and political departments are pleasantly and ably filled.

ADAMS IN THE FIELD.—Major Noah takes at reviving the Evening Star in New York. We hope he may succeed—but there is not a man on the continent who has a larger heart for failure.

HOLY DEVOTION.—Campbell & Co. have published a beautiful little work by the lady of the Episcopal Church—and Harper & Brothers have issued the Charge of the Bishop of Ohio with notes.

THE RAVE OF DON JUAN.—Editor of New York announces a new poem under this title. It is from the pen of Henry Morford, with whose abilities the readers of the Post are familiar.

THE TRAVELLER.—*A Illustrated Romance. By N. Mitchell. Boy. Zieber & Co.*—This is a new novel, and one of the best of the new which have appeared for many years.

☞ The October numbers of the Cleveland and Ironside Advocate has been published. It is conducted with ability.

☞ Buttenguen & Haswell have sent us the Bulletin of Medical Science for October.

Notices of the Dead.

SINKING INTO DEATH.—Died in Boston, last week, Mr. William Abrams, at the advanced age of 101 years, 8 months and 11 days. Mr. Abrams was a tailor formerly, but after the age of 80 he took a grocery store which he kept for many years. His living was very simple—he ate and drank every thing in moderation, and was uncommonly active. For the last 18 months, with the exception of a few weeks, he has walked daily from his residence in Prince, near Salem street, to Charlestown Bridge and back. For about eight weeks previous to his death, he slept most of the time, and was awakened by his daughter for the purpose of giving him nourishment.

☞ The venerable Clarkson Crolius, for some years member of the Legislature of New York, and Speaker of the House, and well-known for his general ability and sterling integrity, and whose name is identified with the progress of that city, died on Tuesday last. He had been ill for some weeks of a disease of the heart.

SUDDEN DEATH.—On Saturday last, Mr Shearer, a resident of this city, and formerly leader of a band of music here, fell dead suddenly on board of the steamboat Jewess, as it was leaving the wharf at Baltimore. He was on his way to Norfolk, to assume the office of leader of the band of the U. S. ship Pennsylvania.

ANOTHER PENSIONER GONE.—Died, at his residence, in Newtown, Mass., Mr. Samuel Towbridge, aged 86. Mr Towbridge was one of the Newton company of minute men which was in the battle of Lexington and the last survivor but one. Solomon Richards yet lives, and is nearly 92 years old.

THE REV. MR. SCHROEBEL, died at Mobile on the 22d ult., of yellow fever. Mr. S. was, if we recollect, a Methodist, but was buried from the Baptist Church, and Christians of all denominations united in testifying their respect for his memory as, in his life he was universally beloved.

THE DEATH OF A CURATE.—The New Orleans papers announce the death, by yellow fever, of the Rev. Abbe Barth, Curate of the Cathedral Church of St. Louis, in that city.

☞ William A. Butler, Esq., United States Consul at Nicaragua, died at sea, on the 26th of August, on board the schooner Ursula, on his passage homeward.

☞ Lieut. Rhyder Hedge, of the United States Revenue service, died at Key West, Fla., of the Yellow Fever, on the 7th.

A VETERAN.—Oliver Lamprey, Esq., of Hancock N. H. departed this life on the 19th ult., at the age of 98 years.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER

The steamship Acadia arrived at Boston on Tuesday, bringing dates fifteen days later from England. The most interesting intelligence to Americans is the loss of the Steamship Missouri, of which our readers will find a full account, extracted from a Gibraltar Journal. Lieut Winslow, of the Missouri, came out in the Acadia, with despatches from Mr. Cushing.

In regard to trade and business, all accounts speak favorably. Confidence is restored, and the cotton market is most buoyant, though prices cannot be quoted much higher than previous advices. The news from the manufacturing districts is generally favorable.

The Queen of England had returned from France, and was absent on a trip to Ostend, to visit Leopold. Thence she would go to Bruges, Brussels, Ghent, and other famous cities of the Netherlands. There is no later intelligence from the East by this arrival, though the Overland Mail was past due.

The Repeal Agitation in Ireland continues, and among the receipts acknowledged we find £300 from Philadelphia. The repealers are anxiously looking forward to the assembling of Mr. O'Connell's parliament, to consist of 300 members, each of whom is to bring £100 with him, and whose meeting is to constitute the

next great step towards the attainment of the grand object of their desires. Meanwhile Government is evidently preparing for the worst. The most formidable military preparations are making throughout Ireland; in the evident anticipation of a coming struggle; and such is their evident fear, according to the Spectator, they caused some alarm in the money market last week, which was evinced by a reaction in the funds.

A splendid river, already traced 150 miles, and said to extend 400 more, has been discovered by Lieutenant Christopher, on the coast of Africa, to the northward of the Jub and named Haines River.

A daughter of Victor Hugo, the celebrated French novelist, and M. Facquerre, her husband, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the Seine.

Capt. James Ross has returned from his voyage of discovery to the South Seas; but the amount and nature of the information obtained has not transpired.

The outrages in South Wales, so far from showing symptoms of diminution, are on the increase. Blood has been shed, the Rebeccaites daily become more bold and daring.

There appears to be no intelligence of consequence from France. From Spain, we hear only that the new government find the King-dom quite as hard to manage as Espartero did.

The Journal des Debats states that the French transatlantic steamers will begin to ply in a few months. There are to be four grand lines and four secondary lines. The first grand line is to be from Havre to New York.

LOSS OF THE MISSOURI.

The following account of the loss of the Missouri is from the Gibraltar Chronicle:

We regret to announce the total destruction, by fire, of the splendid American steam-frigate the Missouri, while at anchor in Gibraltar bay, on September 9th. She had the Hon. M. Cushing, on board, proceeding to Alexandria, en route for China, as minister.

The alarm was first given at eight o'clock precisely, and was immediately followed by such a burst of flame from the engineer's store room as to lead to the belief that it originated among the oil and spirits. Every exertion was made to subdue it, and the large pumps were instantly put into operation; but the progress of the flames was so rapid, that it became necessary to haul the two main-stays, which was done so effectually, that it was not until twenty minutes after three A. M. that any explosion took place, and then not to an extent to endanger the shipping in the bay, the greater of which had already been removed by the exertions of the active captain of the port.

Assistance was promptly sent from the Malabar, under the personal superintendence of Sir George Sarbonne, and the Lucifer got up her steam and ran alongside the Missouri, with the view of towing her into deeper water, to endeavor, if possible, to scuttle her. Unfortunately, she had already grounded, which rendered it impossible to scuttle her.

As soon as the fire broke out, the Governor ordered the Watergut gate to be opened, and proceeded himself to the wharf from whence he despatched two engines under charge of the artillery and sappers, but in spite of the united efforts of the crew of the Missouri and her friendly auxiliaries, the progress of the flames, which at one time appeared to be got under, was such, that at length Capt. Newton was forced to abandon his ship, after consulting in council of his officers and those British officers about him, who unanimously decided there was no hope of saving the ship.

The order was then given by Capt. Newton for all to quit the ship, which was done immediately by the crew taking the water, and receiving the ready assistance of boats sent, in anticipation of the exigency, from the Malabar and from the vessels in the harbor. Such was the state of the ship, when the officers and crew left her, that they saved nothing but what they had on. Capt. Newton did not quit the ship until all had left her, about quarter past eleven o'clock. We are happy to add, that the officers and crew are believed to be all saved.

His Excellency the American Minister, after securing his papers of importance, returned to the ship, and resolutely united his exertions to those of her officers.

The line wall was crowded until a very late hour with spectators, anxiously watching the fate of the noble ship. The sight was awfully grand; until the flames at length left nothing but the tracery of her spars and shrouds standing out in bright relief against the dark sky, was beautiful. The whole rock was as light as day, and probably such a sight has not been witnessed in the bay since the conflagration of the floating batteries in the memorable siege.

We trust it will not be considered presumptuous to refer to the discipline on board this ill-fated vessel; but, as persons employed alongside during the progress of the calamity, and on whose veracity we can place the utmost reliance, have been desirous of bearing unbearable testimony on this most important subject, we beg to inform our readers that they describe the discipline and order on board as most admirable: the several orders were given and obeyed as if the vessel had been in perfect safety, and nothing had occurred to excite alarm or confusion.

Army & Navy.

GUN FOR THE PRINCETON.—At the Hammersley Forge, on the North River, a gun is making of wrought iron, which is fourteen feet long, three feet in diameter at the breech, and weighs thirty thousand pounds, or fifteen tons. It is made for Government, and will be placed on board the Princeton steamer, Capt. Stockton, now at Philadelphia. This extraordinary gun is hammered out with a hammer weighing fifteen thousand pounds. It is calculated that the strength and power of this piece, when finished, will carry a ball of one-third greater weight, and one-fourth increased distance, than the best cast-iron gun.

THE LATE DR. MORRIS, U. S. N.—The Army and Navy Chronicle, of the 28th ult., says that the full amount of money necessary for erecting a monument to the memory of the late Dr. Morgan, of the U. S. Navy, has been subscribed by a number of his friends. The remains of Dr. M. will be recollected, were interred in Laurel Hill Cemetery, near Philadelphia, the proprietors of which generously presented a site for that purpose.

☞ Commodore Wilkinson has taken command of the Navy Yard, at Gosport, Va., vice Com. Skinbank, whose term of command has expired.

Items of News.

THE BOSTON ESTATE IN BOSTON.—An amicable settlement has been made between the trustees of Brandon College and the heirs of the late Governor Brandon, of all matters in controversy between them; on terms which are entirely satisfactory to all the parties interested. A part of the estate is sold, and the residue will be in pursuance of the original design of the proprietor all impediment to the erection of an indisputed title being now removed. It should be remembered that these estates came into Court by the action of a new set of party builders—a shanty on the ground to claim possession, thereafter pulling it down by the way of disputing.

AFFRAY AND MURDER.—During the exhibition of Raymond & Co.'s menagerie at Canaan, Maine, on the 23d ult., a disgraceful brawl occurred between a gang of disorderly citizens, and the men connected with the menagerie, which resulted in the murder of Jefferson Spaulding, a citizen of that town. Spaulding was struck on the head with a piece of iron by one of the men set to keep guard about the tent, and his skull was beaten in. He lingered until Sunday night, when he died.

THE SLAVE CASE.—Relative to the present case we make the following extract of a letter from Bayou Lafourche. The case, in consequence of so unfavorable sounds, has not attracted its usual size at this period of the year. The greater part of it has but few points, and there is every reason to believe that it will avail but very little. The crop is rated at one third less than last year.

A MOSES.—The Wheeling Times says that a Mrs. Mitchell died in that town last week, who had been supposed to be very poor, and had partially subsisted on charity for several years past. In her house were found eleven hundred Spanish dollars, and it appears that she also owned a large and valuable farm in Pennsylvania.

AN INSCRUTABLE GIFT.—Among the articles exhibited at the late County Fair at Lansingburg, N. Y., was a coverlet made by Miss Sebiah Livingston, aged 15 years, a resident of Troy. The coverlet contains 41,034 stitches, and is very creditable to Miss Livingston's industry and taste.

Religious Intelligence.

NEW YORK EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—Some excitement was manifested at the late convention in the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, growing out of an attempt to procure an expression of opinion upon the ordination of Mr. Cleary. Resolutions were offered directing the delegates to the general convention of the church to bring the matter before that body at its next session; but the resolutions were lost. Eighteen of the clergy and forty-seven lay members voted for them; ninety-seven of the clergy and thirty-seven lay members against them. After this a protest was offered against certain parts of the Bishop's charge in both that portion of the Presidency of the Convention declined to receive, and the convention adjourned.

☞ The Synod of the Presbyterian Church, which embraces the District of Columbia, the States of Maryland, Delaware and Pennsylvania, as far westward as the Alleghanies, will convene in Baltimore on the 10th instant. The opening sermon will be preached by the Rev. John McDowell, of this city.

☞ A new Methodist Church was dedicated to the worship of God, at Chillicothe, Ohio, on the 24th ult. The contributions during the dedication amounted to $1300.

☞ The Anniversaries of the Sabbath School of Albany, N. Y. was celebrated last week. There were present upwards of 3000 children.

☞ The Governor of Massachusetts has appointed Thursday, the 30th of November, as a Thanksgiving Day.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

SUNDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 8th.

PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL.—New Scheme.—Free Church, Wooster Square. Western Church, corner of Filbert and Sixteenth Sixth street. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth, street, First Church, Northern Liberties, Hanover street, below Third. First Church, Southwark, Germantown Road, below Third. First Church, Penn Township, Fourth Church, Twelfth and Lombard street. Northern Suburbs School House, Nineteenth, English and Willow street.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Grace Church, Twelfth and Cherry street. Saint Luke's Church, Thirteenth below Spruce street. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth above Lombard street. Church of the Holy Trinity, Seventeenth below Walnut. Church of the Nativity, Spring Garden street, below Ridge Road. Advent Church, Temperance Hall, Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Frankford. Trinity Church, Cohocksink street above Coates. Church of the Messiah, Fourth street below Carpenter. Saint Mary's Church, Hanover street.

GERMAN REFORMED.—First Church, Race street below Fourth.

DUTCH REFORMED.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

MORAVIAN.—Church of the United Brethern, Race and Broad streets.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open on Sunday Evening.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Church of Christ.—Shesbey Hevning House, corner of Fifth and Cherry street.—Congregation at The Asylum, Kingsley Hall, Race street below Second.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Saint John's Church, Thirteenth street between Market and Chestnut street.

CHRISTIAN.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Fourth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Church, Fourth street below Germain.

MORMON.—Hall at Third and Willow street.

MARINER.—Mariner's Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson street.

ARIEANS.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Farmount. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Custer street below Old York Road. Saint Mitchell Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Linle Pine street near Seventh.

Educational.

PRINCETON COLLEGE ANNIVERSARY.—The 97th Anniversary of the College of New Jersey, was celebrated on Wednesday week, when the annual Oration was delivered by the Hon. W. L. Dayton. A large and fashionable audience was in attendance. The exercises were of a deeply interesting character. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon sixty-three members of the Senior Class, and among them we observe the names of several Philadelphians. A large number of the Alumni of the College were also admitted to the second degree of A. M. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred by the Board of Trustees upon the Rev. Clark Huston, of Macassgun, Ireland, and on the Rev. Thomas Smyth, of Charleston, S. C. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on Ashbel Welch, Esq., of Lambertville, N. J., and on John C. Ten Eyck, of Mount Holly, N. J.

☞ At the recent commencement of Marshall College, Mercersburg, Pa., the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon our fellow citizen, John Frost, Professor of Belles Lettres in the High School. Mr. Frost's attainments already entitle him to this honor.

☞ At the recent commencement of Marshall College, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, held on the 27th ult., the degree of L.L. D., was conferred, pursuant to the unanimous resolution of the Board of Trustees, on the Honorable James Madison Porter.

☞ The honorary degree of D. D. was worthily conferred upon the Rev. W. Alexander, the accomplished Professor of Belles Lettres in the College of New Jersey at Princeton, at the late commencement of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.

DELAWARE COLLEGE.—At the late Annual Commencement of Delaware College, in Newark, Delaware, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon the Rev. Alexander J. Berger, and Samuel R. Gordon, of this city.

IN ALL AGES and in all countries the belief has been strong that the earth yielded herbs capable of curing any and all diseases.

The unlettered Indian found medicines prepared by the laboratory of nature that cured diseases which had baffled the skill of the best educated physicians.

Forcibly struck by this remarkable fact, Dr. Wright, after much patient investigation and many experiments, succeeded in producing a medicine which stands unrivalled as a purifier of the blood, and a regenerator of decayed constitutions.

His Indian Vegetable Pills are in such great demand that many imitations have been manufactured, and purchasers should observe the following caution:

Observe—In order to avoid counterfeits, purchase only of the regularly advertised agents, or at the offices denoted exclusively to the sale—manufactured, delivered and retail, Nos. 288 Greenwich st. New York, No. 198 Tremont st. Boston, and No. 169 Race st., Philadelphia.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

426 shares Vicksburg Bank		31
51 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.		18 3/4
100 do. Mechanics' Bank		22
170 do. Mon. & Mec. Bank		10 3/4
140 do. Schuylkill Bank		10
100 do. Girard Bank		8 1/2
100 do. Commercial Bank		22
100 do. Mechanics Bank		22
100 do. Pennsylvania Bank		10 and 11
100 do. Commercial Bank		22
100 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.		9
100 do. Farmers Bank		50
61 do. Farmers Bank		50
100 do. Penn Township Bank		10 and 11
25 do. Kensington Bank		10 and 11
25 do. Kensington Bank		10 and 11
25 do. Exchange Bank Pitts.		43
25 do. Exchange Bank, Chem.		7
17 do. Girard Coal Bank		7
100 do. Penn Township Bank		10 and 11
$6,000 Penn. 5's, 1842		89 and 90
$11,000 P. Penna 5's, 1849		64 and 65
$1700 State 5's, 1845, interest		67
$2000 State 5's, 1845, interest		67
$2000 Schuylkill Navigation 6's, 1842		100
$1000 Penn. 5's, 1849		64
$1000 Lehigh Mortgage Loan		64 and 65
$1000 Lehigh Mortgage Loan		64
$4000 Phil. & Wil. & Bal. R. R. 6's, 1858		86
$400 City 6's, 1887		103
$1000 City 6's, 1844		102
$225 Camden & Amboy Bonds		108

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Clearwater Bank, New York—10's, letter E, payable to C. Cook, dated August 3, 1842, signed H. Weaver, cash., M. White, president. Vignette, an eagle. Engraving poor. Counterfeit detected by the letter E on the right end, which is very imperfect.

Do.—5's, letter E, par J. Q. Jones, June 1, 1843. Vignette dark, and poorly executed.

Mechanics' Bank, Philadelphia, Pennsa—10's altered from Susquehanna Bank. Vignette railroad and train of cars. Counterfeit detected, the vignette of the canal boat being different—also the officers, names J. Wood, president, Stacy A. Paxson, cashier, neither of whom were ever connected with the bank.

Farmers' Bank of Virginia, Norfolk, Va.—10's, letter D, part Jan. 1, 1842, extremely dated. J. G. Blair, cash. Has the appearance of a wood cut.

Union River Bank, New York—10's altered from 1's. The vignette is a female with a cornucopia, and the date 1838 on the necke. The true 10's the shape of the "State of New York."—*Bank Reporter.*

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Since our last weekly report we hear of no transactions of importance. Cotton continues inactive, with small sales of 300 bales Orleans at 8c. Sugar is dull at 4c for Cuba, and 4 1/2c for Brazil—no sales. Rice is also dull—sales 50 bbls. at $4.50. Rice Flour—Small sales at $4.25 per bbl. Corn—1800 bush. Southern sold at 50c. Oats—1000 bush. Delaware sold at 30c. Rye—Sales of 500 bush. at 60c. Provisions—Sales of 200 bbls. Mess Pork at $8.50. Lard—Sales of 100 bbls. at 5c. Whiskey—Sales of 200 bbls. at 20c. Seeds—Sales of 100 bush. Timothy at $2.50. Flaxseed—Sales of 1000 bush. at $1.00. Plaster—Sales of about 1000 tons at $2.50. Hay—Sales of 100 tons at $1.00. Wool—Sales of 50,000 lbs. at 30c. Coal—Sales of 1000 tons at $4.50. Freights—Sales of about 10,000 bbls. flour to Boston, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Providence, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Portland, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Salem, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Newburyport, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Gloucester, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Marblehead, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Nantucket, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Fall River, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Bristol, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Newport, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Middletown, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Norwich, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to New London, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Stonington, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Mystic, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Westerly, at 50c. Sales of 1000 bbls. flour to Wickford

Gems from the Poets.

DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY BRYANT

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they are in their graves,
The gentle race of flowers,
And lying in their lowly bed,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind flower and the violet
They perished long ago,
And the wild rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In Autumn beauty stood,
Till frosts upon the pane were seen,
And then they died—the hoary frost
Laid the pale flowers low;
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And ruddy in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died—
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely,
Should have a life so brief.
Yet not sinless it was, that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

Biographical.

HUGH S. LEGARE.

In the Southern Literary Messenger we find an eloquent article upon the life and character of Hugh S. Legare, late Attorney General of the United States. It is from the pen of William C. Rives, of Virginia, and we regret that its length forbids our extracting it entire.

The extraordinary powers and varied attainments of the late Attorney General were the product of early and incessant culture, and of untiring industry and labor. How else could such rare excellence, in so many different departments of human talent and knowledge, have been acquired; for he was *primus inter pares* in all—a finished scholar, a consummate orator, a profound lawyer, an able and accomplished statesman. No felicity of genius, however great, no fecundity of nature, however teeming, could account for such intellectual riches, without the creative energies of constant and unwearied diligence; for it is as applicable to the philosophy of mind as to the sciences of political economy, that *labor* is the true and only source of either mental or material wealth. No paltry vanity of natural endowments ever prevented Mr. Legare from hearing earnest and instructive testimony in his discourse, as he exemplified so strikingly in his practice, the truth and value of this grand axiomen of all sound superiority and success. In this the lesson of his life is extremely impressive and valuable as an example to his countrymen, and particularly to those of his young countrymen who may fall into the too common error of considering natural ability and genius for efficiency.

As a scholar, he stood without a rival among the public men of America of his day, and if, even in that class of learned men who make the cultivation and pursuit of letters the sole business of their lives, he had any superior in scholarship, it would be difficult to say who that superior was. His acquaintance with the great writers of antiquity, the master minds of Greece and Rome, was intimate, thorough and familiar—placing at his ready and perfect command all those hidden treasures of thought, philosophy and wisdom, all those exquisite models of taste, eloquence and power, which he enshrined in their immortal works. In the language and literature of modern Europe he was perfectly at home. He not only read, but wrote and spoke the languages of France and Germany with the ease and elegance of a native, and was profoundly versed in their history and literature. As a speaker and writer, the style of his eloquence was ornate and rich, but like the gorgeousness of Burke, this was the unbidden effect of the irrepressible exuberance of his genius. No one despised more than he did the mere glitter of words, to hold a right esteem the studied arts of the professed rhetorician. Whatever was the elevation and richness of his diction, it was uniformly supported by a corresponding richness and elevation of thought. The stream of his eloquence was fed from copious and inexhaustible fountains and its majestic current fertilized and fructified every region it inundated its banks.

His character and abilities as a profound and accomplished jurist have already been given to the world under the highest authority. To the question, Was he an eminent lawyer? Judge Story, in his beautiful and touching address to the Law School at Harvard, where the funeral halls of Boston were set tolling the knell of the departed spirit, answered emphatically and unhesitatingly—"no man was more so." As a statesman, the morals and talents of Mr. Legare were of the very first order. He early concentrated the noble ambition of usefully serving his country, not to gratify a selfish vanity, or to promote any private or personal end, but from a true filial devotion to her glory, and from a generous and magnanimous desire to bear his part in upholding the honor and success of her model institutions. His whole training was one of admirable preparation for that high career. There is no branch of knowledge proper to an American statesman in which he was not a profound adept. He had thoroughly studied the genius of popular government, as well in its essential principles as in all its great historical examples. When Mr. Legare, therefore, came into Congress, he came clad in complete armor. The speeches and reports made by him during the brief period of his service there show with what fullness of information and knowledge he came into the discussion of every question to which he took a part—enriching it with his widest amplitude of illustration—judging it with the utmost maturity of thought and wisdom—while adorning it with the graces of a classical and captivating eloquence.

He was called to take a prominent position in the Executive Government of the country, for which he was pointed out nearly by the consideration of his fitness; for he never sought office, and his friends deemed too highly of him to believe that any office was capable of adding to the intrinsic dignity of his talents and worth. This new sphere of duty elevated new powers of his varied powers and attainments, and developed comprehensive faculties of public usefulness co-extensive with, and equal to, every demand of the public service. When unexpectedly called to fill the leading Executive Department, it is not unreasonable to suppose, and it is hoped the suggestion may be made without offence, that none of the able and distinguished men who have filled it, upon their first introduction to its duties, probably ever felt more at home among its high and imposing concerns than did Mr. Legare—excepting, always with the profoundest reverence, so especially their due, those great minds of *recollections early schooling*, which grew up along with the theory and difficult questions of our international relations, and which laid deep the foundations of our foreign policy and public law.

Eminent as were the intellectual powers and accomplishments of Mr. Legare, they formed by no means, the most distinguished part of his public character. It was the high moral tone so visibly impressed on all his actions, his disdain of every thing low and mean and narrow, the commanding elevation of his principles and views, the lofty spirit of personal honor, the magnanimous courage and self-reliance of conscious virtue, which made him truly great. What the greatest of Irish orators so impressively said of the first of British Statesmen, with suitable modifications, may be justly said of Legare. "No State chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for mere party victories, regardless of principle, ever sunk him to the vulgar level of the so-called great;" but resolute, conscientious, undaunted and unseduced, his object was ever the glory, liberty and happiness of his country—his means were truth, integrity, patriotism and honor.

A character, thus marked by the prominent and dazzling traits which enlist public admiration and applause, was set off by all those milder, but not less winning qualities, which inspire affection and esteem, and which give to human life its highest charm and sweetest attraction. He was the delight and the ornament of the society he frequented. The spirit and brilliancy of his conversation were unremitting and unsurpassed. His manners were of the most perfect tone, uniting the dignity and elegance of the gentleman with the cordiality and playfulness of the companion and the friend. He had cultivated, with no small success, a taste for the fine arts, whose happy influence it is to humanize and soften, without enervating the character. But above all, his heart was warm, noble, generous and true, despising every form of indirection and meanness—embracing, with the strong affinities of a kindred spirit, whatever was lofty in principle, magnanimous in sentiment, or virtuous in action—entering, with the warm and unrestrained effusions of childhood itself, into the lovely sympathies and affections of domestic life,—and in friendship ever firm, faithful and devoted. But reminiscences, such as these, are too intimately connected with a yet bleeding sense of an irreparable personal loss, to be obtruded upon the public eye; and the sacred curtain, which the hand of an awful and mysterious Providence has let fall upon the cherished hopes and affections of the heart, must remain farther undisturbed.

ON DOMESTIC REFORM.

I believe we are beginning to find out the folly of making sacrifices to keep up appearance. The credit of a man of business is now strengthened if he resides in a house plainly furnished, in frugal in his living, manages to save a penny, make a decent appearance without the aid of fashionable extravagance, does nothing for effect, and makes no costly entertainment. How different it was in 1836. It was a furious contest for extravagant and costly rivalry. If one man in business hired a large house and furnished splendidly, another caught the infection, hired a larger house and furnished it more splendidly than his neighbor; and thus competition, rivalry and fashionable opposition involved great outlays; failure followed failure, and in a short time they crowded close upon each other in the list of bankrupts. It is incredible how evil examples are closely imitated. If my neighbor, no better off than myself, lives extravagantly, sees company, gives good dinners, and keeps a fast trotter, I am in a measure restless and discontented till I can do the same; the contagion spreads—we are all in the infected district, all have a touch of the disease, all take the same medicine, and all are equally prostrated. Now if we are more disposed to imitate what is worthy of imitation, economy, propriety, comfort without ostentation, simplicity in living, plainness of manners, and absence of all pride and self-sufficiency, how much better we should be off in the world.

When shall the reform come on? We answer now, from this very moment. Better times prevail: see what we will we have better times. Confidence is beginning to be restored; what business is done, is done with less profit it is true, but with more security. it is difficult to earn the silver dollar, yet, with ordinary management, it will go farther and provide much more than it did in 1836. Let us improve the present by introducing everywhere a rigid economy and save a sixpence whenever we can do so. Let us begin by discarding everything looking like show and ostentation; let us study comfort and give up luxuries.—*Major Noah.*

The Humorist.

☞ Two natives of the Marquesas Islands, a lady and *gentleman*, have been carried to France. On their voyage one of their fellow passengers asked them which they liked best the French or the English? "Oh, the English," answered the man, smacking his lips, "they are the fattest." And a great deal more to the same purpose, chimed in the woman, with a grin that exhibited two rows of pointed teeth, as sharp as a crocodile's.

☞ Philosophers have puzzled themselves how to define man, so as to distinguish him from other animals. Burke says: Man is an animal that cooks his victuals. Then, says Johnson, the proverb is just, there is reason in roasting eggs. Dr Adam Smith has not this case. Man, says he, is an animal that makes bargains; no other animal does this—one dog does not change a bone with another.

☞ Beware of lawsuits; clients for ten years.
Beware of looking pretty girls out of countenance.
Beware of right pounds on one-sided scales.
Beware of sand in sugar, and pea coffee.
Beware of old clothes turned and made into new.
Beware of short yard-sticks among dry-goods.

EPIGRAM FROM AUSONIUS

Both are as weak—the prosper and the poor
The latter craves court favors and rewards
The beggar only wants his bread and beer;
Surely his need is smaller than my lord's.

☞ A little girl while playing on the shelf of a house in Leverett street, Boston, near the jail, was addressed by an inmate of the jail as follows:—"Little girl, does your mother know you are out?" "Hey! hey! sir, does your mother know you are *out*" was the ready reply of the little Miss.

☞ A modern writer observes that "he who speaks lightly of female society, is either a numbskull or a knave!"—the former not having sense enough to discern its benefits, and the latter having the restraints it lays on its vices.

☞ An American describing the prevalence of duelling summed up with—"Then every light with daggers in rooms *pitch dark*." "Is it possible!" was the reply. "Possible, sir!" returned the Yankee, "why, I have seen them."

☞ There's a place on the Jersey shore, says the New York Aurora, where the children are so fat and greasy, that they have to be rolled out in the sand to keep them from slipping out of bed.

☞ Mr. Jacob Oyster is announced as a candidate for the legislature in Franklin county, Pa. He will probably get into a *stew* before he is elected.

☞ A man in Boston advertises to give honesty people a handsome face for fifty cents. Mr. your money is ready.

☞ The Piscataquis Farmer says that Jack Frost has used up all the garden "sass" in that county.

☞ What is remembered dies; what is written lives.

☞ Mirror—a spy-glass which looks backwards.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

FROM THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE.

Ay we ask the reader to behold with us a melancholy show—a saddening, miserable spectacle! We will not take him to a prison, a work-house, a Bedlam, where human nature expiates its guiltiness, its lack of worldly goods, its most desolate perplexity: but we will take him to a wretchedness, first contrived by wrong, and perpetuated by folly. We will show him the embryo mischief that, in due season shall be born in the completeness of its terror, and shall be christened with a sounding name. Folly and Wickedness standing sponsors.

We are in St. James's Park. The royal standard of England burns in the summer air—the queen is in London. We pass the palace, and in a few paces are in Birdcage Walk. There, reader, is the miserable show we promised you. There are some fifty recruits, drilled by a sergeant to do homicide cleanly, handsomely. In Birdcage Walk, Glory sits upon her eggs, and hatches eagles!

How very beautiful is the sky above us! What a blessing comes with the fresh, quick air! The trees, drawing their green beauty from the earth, quicken our thoughts of the bounteousness of this teeming world. Here, in this nook, this patch, where we yet feel the vibrations of surrounding London—even here, nature, constant in her beauty, blooms and smiles, uplifting the heart of man, if the heart be his to own her.

Now look aside, and contemplate God's image with a musket. Your broom still expanding with gratitude to nature, for the blessings she has heaped about you, behold the crowning glory of God's work managed like a machine, to slay the image of God—to stain the teeming earth with homicidal blood—to fill the air with howling anguish! Is not yonder row of clowns a melancholy sight? Yet are they the sucklings of Glory—the baby mighty ones of a future Gazette. Reason beholds them with a deep pity. Imagination magnifies them into fiends of wickedness. There is carnage about them, carnage, and the working tool of slaughter. Tree and man are not their destinies as one!

And is Hodge alone of benighted mind? Is he alone deficient of that knowledge of moral right and wrong which really and truly crowns the man, king of himself? When he surrenders up his nature, a mere machine with human pulses, to do the bidding of war, has he taken counsel with his own reflection—does he know the limit of the sacrifice? He has taken the shilling, and he knows the facings of his uniform.

When the born and bred gentleman, to keep to counsel and current terms, pays down his thousand pounds or so, for his commission, what incites to the purchase? It may be the elegant idleness of the calling; it may be the bullion and glitter of the regimentals; or, devout worshipper, it may be an unquenchable thirst for glory. From the moment that his name stains the Gazette, what does he become? The bondservant of war. Instantly he ceases to be a judge between moral right and moral injury. It is his duty not to think, but to obey. He has given up, surrendered to another, the freedom of his soul: he has dethroned the majesty of his own will. He must be active in wrong, and see not the injustice: shed blood for craft and usurpation, calling blood-shed valor. He may be made, by the iniquity of those who use him, the burglar and the brigand: but glory calls him pretty names for his prowess, and the wicked weakness of the world shouts and acknowledges them. And is this the true condition of reasonable man? Is it by such means that he best vindicates the greatness of his mission here? Is he, when he most gives up the free motions of his own soul—is he then most glorious?

A few months ago, chance showed us a band of ruffians, who, as it afterwards appeared, were intent upon most desperate mischief. They spread themselves over the country, attacking, robbing, and murdering, all who fell into their hands. Men, women and children, all suffered alike. Nor were the villains satisfied with this. In their wanton ruthlessness, they set fire to cottages, and tore up and destroyed plantations. Every footpace of their march was marked with blood and desolation.

Who were these wretches?—you ask. What place did they ravage? Were they not caught, and punished?

They were a part of the army of Africa, valorous Frenchmen, bound for Algiers, to cut Arab throats; and in the name of glory, and for the everlasting honor of France, to burn, pillage, and despoil; and all for national honor—all for glory!

But Glory cannot dazzle Truth. Does it not at times appear no other than a highwayman, with a pistol at a nation's breast? A burglar, with a cow-hide, entering a kingdom. Alas! in this world, there is no Old Bailey for nations. Otherwise, where would have been the crowned heads that divided Poland? Those felon monarchs, anointed to—steal! It is true, the historian claps the cut-purse conqueror in the dock, and he is tried by the jury of posterity. He is convicted, yet is not its diamantine voice lost upon generations. For this is the world taught—albeit slowly taught—true glory, when that which passed for virtue is truly tested to be vile: when the hero is hauled from the cart, and fixed for ever in the pillory.

But war brings forth the heroism of the soul: war tests the magnanimity of man. Sweet is the humanity that spares a fallen foe; gracious the compassion that lends his wounds: that brings even a cup of water to his burning lips. Granted. But is there not heroism of a grander mould? The heroism of forbearance? Is not the humanity that refuses to strike, a nobler virtue than the late pity born of violence? Pretty is it to see the victor with salve and lint kneeling at his bloody trophy—a maimed and agonized fellow-man—but surely it had been better to withhold the blow, than to have been first in obedience, to be afterwards humane.

That nations, professing a belief in Christ, should engage glory with war, is monstrous blasphemy. Their faith, their professing faith, is—I have one another: their practice is to—cut throats, and cause to bribe and beat down men to the unwholesome, the trade of blood is magnified into a virtue. We pray against battle and glorify in the deeds of death. We say beautiful are the ways of peace, and then cocker ourselves upon our perfect doings in the art of manslaying. Let us then cease to pay the sacrifice of adoration to the demon—War; let us not acknowledge him as a mighty and majestic principle but, at the very best, a grim and unfortunate necessity.

But there always has been—there always will be, war. It is unavoidable: it is a part of the constitution of human society. Man has always made glory to himself from the destruction of his fellow, and so it will continue. It may be very pitiable, would it were otherwise! But so it is and there is an helping it.

Happily, we are slowly killing this destructive fallacy. A long breathing time of peace has been fatal to the dread magnificence of glory. Science and philosophy—poesy's gods also—have made great their claims, inducing man to believe that he may vindicate the divinity of his nature otherwise than by perpetrating destruction. He begins to think there is a better glory in the communication of triumphs in mind, than in the clash of steel and roar of artillery. At the present moment, a society, embracing men of distant nations—natural enemies, as the old, wicked cant of the old patriotism had it—is at work, plucking the plumes from Glory, unlearning his accoutrements, divesting the ogre of all that dazzled foolish and unthinking men, showing the rawal in his natural hideousness, in all his base deformity. Some, too, are calculating the cost of Glory's table: some showing what an appetite the demon has, devouring at a meal the substance of ten thousand sons of industry—yes, eating up the wealth of kingdoms. And thus, by degrees, are men beginning to look upon the god, Glory, as no more than a finely-trapped Sawney Bean—a monster and a destroyer on occasion: a mercy for—

Selected Articles.

ETIQUETTE.

A little work has just been published in Glasgow, entitled the "Science of Etiquette, which furnishes a summary of the laws of good breeding, condensed in a small compass, and calculated to promote the general comfort and welfare of society. The following are a few of its maxims:

True politeness consists in appearing easy and natural, not forced and affected.

If upon the entrance of a visitor you continue a subject begun before, you should always explain the subject to the new comer.

Never commend a lady's musical skill to another lady who herself plays.

Avoid all proverbs and cant phrases in conversation.

If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is her part to notice you first, unless indeed, you are very intimate. The reason is, if you bow to a lady first she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy but if she bow to you—you, as a gentleman, must *not bow her.*

If you meet a friend in the street, in a coffee-house, shop, or indeed any public place, never address him by name, at least not so loudly as others may hear it. Sensitive people do not like to be shown up to strangers as Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith, and so attract disagreeable notice. Accost your friend quietly—and do not roar out: "Ah, Mr. Smith! how do you do, Mr. Smith!" such is very offensive, and shows a great want of proper delicacy.

MANUFACTURE OF STEEL PENS.

In the first place, flat sections of steel are cut out, of the shape required, by a stamping press; they are then placed under another press, which pierces the holes and cuts the slits: and they are then struck into their convex shape by a third press. They have then to be polished and tempered, which is managed in a peculiar apparatus, called emphatically "The Devil," consisting of a fly wheel and a box, in which the pens are placed, and to which a motion is given, resembling that exhibited in shaking materials together in a bag. This motion is continued for eight hours, when the pens are found to be completely deprived, by their friction against each other, of any asperities which might have existed on their edges, and which, though invisible to the naked eye, would have obstructed the free passage of the pens. After this process, they are tempered in a box, shaken, and brought to a blue color, being carefully watched, and the heat lessened whenever a shade of yellow is observed on their surface. The split is then completed by touching the sides with a pair of pincers. Some idea may be given of the greater rapidity with which the steel pens are made than the quill, when we state, that of the latter an expert pen cutter can only make six hundred a day; whilst with the recent steel pen machines, as many may be made in a single hour with the greatest ease. The steel of which these pens are made is frequently alloyed with some other metal, in order to improve the elasticity and in some cases to prevent rust, but the steel alone employed in this country for making pens, amounts to one hundred and twenty-five tons annually which is equivalent to about three hundred millions of pens! a number employing such an immense amount of labor and ingenuity, as to be scarcely credible, did not the Parliamentary returns attest the fact.—*Alderton's Treatise on Pens, Ink and Paper.*

SOUND ADVICE TO BUSINESS MEN.

The following may be old, but it is sound and good. We copy it from a foreign journal, and commend it in an especial manner to the attention of all who are young in the ways of the world:

"The way to get credit is to be punctual; the way to preserve it, is not to use it much; settle often; have short accounts. Trust no man's appearance—it is deceitful—perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit. Beware of gaudy exteriors; rogues usually dress well. The rich are plain men. Trust him if any one, who carries but little on his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on being doubted; make him pay quickly if there be any virtue in the law. Be well satisfied before you give credit, that those to whom you give it are safe men to be trusted. Sell your goods at a small advance, and never misrepresent them; for those whom you once deceive, will be aware of you a second time. Deal upright with all, and they will repose confidence in you, and soon become your permanent customers. Most of all, beware of idle, designing and shy pettifoggers, unbanned honorably in the law who are too lazy to get an honest living by industry, who go prowling about to undermine and destroy the peace of society, by urging on to lawsuits the ignorant and hair-brained. Beware of such unprincipled 'finaglers' on society; they first drive you into mischief, and then pick your pockets. Trust no stranger; your goods are better than doubtful charges. What is character worth, if you make it cheap by crediting all alike? Agree before-hand with every man you deal to do a job, and, if a large one, put it into writing. If any decline this, quit, or you will be cheated. Though you want a job, ever so much, make all sure at the outset; be not afraid to ask it; the best test of responsibility, for, if offence be taken, you have escaped a loss."

Choice Selections.

THE VAUDOIS HARVEST HYMN.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Father of Mercies, God of Peace!
Being whose bounties never cease,
While to the Heavens in grateful tones,
Ascend our songs and thanksgivings,
Listen in these the notes of praise
Which are a happy people raise.

Our dwellings sheltered by Thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are
Our village by Thy blessing yields
An hundred fold, the ripened fields
Of Spring grain—the burthened vine
Are Gifts from Thy Divine.

The cradled head of infancy
Cheers by its tranquil rest by Thee—
Youth's dashing step, and firmer tread
In years mature, by Thee are led—
Secure may trembling age, O, Lord!
Lean on its staff Thy Holy Word!

Teach us these blessings to improve,
Teach us to serve Thee, teach to love—
Teach us to keep Thy laws we see
The Grave of all Good is Thee—
And be Thy Word our daily food,
Thy narrow Gate, our greatest good.

Whether in youth, life early fruit
Or in the sere and solemn year
Of our autumnal age, like wheat
Ripened and fit for reaper be,
Thou God on us all, O, God more
Gathered into Thy garner be.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.—The ball room shooting blouses with a watch pocket at the side, warranted to hold all the grouse that will be shot by the wearer, are now in great vogue. For Graveyard excursions the favorite article in waistcoats is none at all; and the shirt is decidedly decolle, saving the annoyance and expense—of a handkerchief. An excellent substitute for the cravat is a bit of moosecline de laine, a few inches long, or a piece of broad shoe-string, to which the recherche name of "Byron tie" has been given. We have observed nothing new in trousers except the ingenious method of lengthening last year's old ones, by going without braces, and keeping the shooting-blouse closely buttoned to conceal the unfulness. The last thing in gloves, and certainly the last thing we should patronize, is the lumpenny mens' Berlin. We have seen a very pleasing effect produced by a degage shoe, slightly down at heel, and affording a glimpse of a very rich, elaborately-darned sock, which is also allowed in some cases to show by a side fissure in the elsewhere which is slightly slashed to admit of it.—*Punch.*

A CURIOSITY.—Captain Joseph G. Jenkins exhibited to us last week, one of the few copper coins struck by the United States mint during the Presidency of Washington. On one side is the portrait of Washington surrounded by the words and figures—*Washington President, 1791.* On the reverse, the American Eagle, eight stars and the words "one cent."

An anecdote is connected with the emission of this coin, which portrays in living colors the high disinterestedness of Washington, and the pain he always experienced when his name was placed conspicuously before the public. When a specimen of the coinage was brought to him and he perceived his own features stamped upon it, he immediately ordered the mill to be destroyed and the few pieces already struck to be suppressed from circulation. The face of "Liberty" was substituted, which is still the device on all American coins.—*Hudson Columbian.*

ANECDOTE.—During the last war, at the time the British troops sallied across the St. Lawrence and took possession of Ogdensburgh, there was a citizen soldier in the village, belonging to the neighboring town, who made good his retreat down the river as the British soldiery advanced. After gaining a mile or so, he met his wife coming to town on horseback. He immediately and earnestly directed her to dismount, suggesting that he would take the horse and she might follow on foot. His safe demurred, and assured him that he could escape much easier on foot than herself. This arrangement he protested against most vehemently, and consoled his wife with this argument: "My dear, it would be far better that *two women should be killed than that one brave soldier should be lost to his country!*"—*St. Lawrence Rep.*

THE MAGISTERIAL AUCTIONEER.—The following whimsical circumstance is given in an English paper:—"Some time since a man who had business with a magistrate, who is an auctioneer, gave much offence by neglecting to call him his *Worship*, on which he committed him to jail for contempt. When the man obtained his discharge, he constantly attended his worship's sales bidding for almost every lot. 'Three pence, your Worship! Six pence, your Worship!' which caused such scenes of laughter at the auctioneer's expense, that he was glad to give the man ten guineas never to attend his sales any more."

WHITE BLACKBERRIES.—The existence of this singular anomaly in the line of fruits, may be doubted by many, but its existence can now be clearly established, and not as an exotic, as has probably been supposed. The Macon (Geo.) Messenger says it is a genuine native of that State, and grows in Monroe county near the Ocmulgee River. As yet it has been seen in but one field, where there are a considerable number of bushes. The fruit is very white and transparent, and of good size and quality.—*Bangor Whig.*

JACK KETCH.—An English writer says that this *soubriquet* of the common hangman was derived from Sir Richard Jaquett, of whom no other memorial exists but an almost illegible deed of the reign of King Edward VI., wherein he is appointed Lord of the Manor of Tyburne, with its appurtenances, including the gallows. It is to a corruption of Jaquett that antiquaries attribute Jack Ketch.

The Olio.

NOT IN WANT OF A WIFE.

Oh, why will you bother me, Kate,
With your smiles and good-humor so sly,
With your songs and your innocent prate
And that eloquent glance of your eye?
I'm weary of being in love—
It has long been the plague of my life
By all the bright planets above—
I want neither sweetheart nor wife.

I mumble to sit by your side—
I'm fearful of hearing you sing—
I have the experiment tried,
And, by Jove, it's a dangerous thing.
Alas! that I ever should move
Be ensnared by a beauty and belle—
My heart, ever wounded and sore
Will never find time to get well.

WHERE'S THE SCHOOLMASTER?—The editor of the Norwalk Ct. Gazette is "a trainer" and in consequence, has been "served" with the following specimen of warlike literature:—

"Norwalk august 23 1843

in pursuance of an order from the capt of the corps of the 2 comp 4 Regiment of Life artilerry you ar Hear by commanded to appear on perrade Near the Hotell of Daniel Stevensons in Nowell on Saikbeday the 2th day of sept Next at 1 oclock P M armed and quipt as the law Directs for militarry exercise and in spechiuls.

At the last accounts, the editor was preparing to "appear on perrade" with his spelling-book.

CLASSICAL ANECDOTE.—A certain pedantic gentleman once presented himself at Cambridge for a doctor's degree, and, as is usual on such occasions, the questioning was commenced in Latin, when the following classical wit was exhibited:

Questioner. Quid est creare? (What is it to create?)

Pedant. Et nihil facere. (To make out of nothing.)

Q. Ergo, te doctorem creamus? (Therefore we make you a doctor?)

THE BISHOP OF NORWICH AND FATHER MATHEW.—The Bishop has written a letter in which he says: "If the Rev. T. Mathew comes to Norwich, I shall think it my duty to sanction a meeting, and pay every respect to an individual to whose zealous exertion, in recovering so large a portion of the community from the degrading and ruinous effects of intemperance, one of all religious persuasions and parties owes a debt of gratitude.—*Norwich Journal.*

MARRIAGE.—I look upon a man's attachment to a woman who deserves it, as the greatest possible safe-guard to him in his dealings with the world: it keeps him from all those small vices which unfettered youth thinks little of but which certainly, though slowly, undermine the foundations of better things till in the end the whole fabric of right and wrong gives way under the assault of temptation.

THE CRAZY habitation of the body will decay: you may repair the broken tiles and damaged roof: you may rub up the dim window lights, and oil up the rusty hinges of the doors: you may patch up and plaster over the shattered walls, and paint the outside of the tenement till the passers-by wonders at its fresh appearance: but for all this, the old house must come down at last!

WRITE IN MY ALBUM.—A beautiful and accomplished young lady, gave her album to a dry old bachelor, with the above request, with which he complied in the following felicitous manner:

Through all the varied scenes of life
Of sorrow, pain and woe,
The little page thrown by the wonder
Up to date runs on.

DOMESTIC TRANSCENDENTALISM.—Folks don't go to bed now-a-days—they retire. Nobody eats their dinner—people take some refreshment. Nobody goes to church—but people attend divine service. There is no Sunday—it is Sabbath. No one gets his teeth pulled out—he has it extracted.

NOT EASY PARTICULAR.—A young gentleman lately asked a lady if he could have the pleasure of waiting on her. To which she duly replied: "I don't think you for your compliment.—Well—said he, "I didn't expect any thanks, and so I'll just go along any how."

GIRLS, remember that the man who boxes smiles, and says many soft things to you, has no genuine love, while he who loves you most sincerely, struggles to hide the weakness of his heart, and frequently appears decidedly awkward.

A FOREST who sends his son into the world uneducated, and without skill in any art or science, does as great injury to mankind as to his own family, he defrauds the commonwealth of a useful citizen, and is guiltier to us a misnomer.

VERY TRUE.—Five things are useless when they are not accompanied each by one thing else. Words without deeds; wealth without economy; learning without good manners; almsgiving without charity, and life without health.

THE GREATEST miser or the pompous fool have an attraction for the man of sense, whereas the timid and shrinking girl, who we feel assured is not prompted by art, can frequently win unconscious and lasting admiration.

HE THAT would gather the roses of matrimony, should wed in the May of life. If you wish only the withered leaves and thorns, why put it off till September? Procrastination is the thief of time.

AFFECTION.—The tie that binds the happy may be dear, but that which links the unfortunate is tenderness unutterable.

CONSTANT occupation prevents temptation, and breeds contentment: and contentment is the true philosopher's stone.

BETTER to do well late than never; for there is never a time that a good action will not commend itself to the public.

GREAT preparations are going on to put down tobacco, supposed by many to be the adjutant of General Alcohol.

NO ATTRACTION renders a woman at all times so agreeable to her husband as cheerfulness and good humor.

NEVER give up your opinion though you know you are wrong; it shows that you have independence.

DILIGENCE is the mistress of success. Constantly pursuing his task, the mouse cut off the cable.

HE THAT BUYS what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy, says Lacon.

LIFE MAY be eked out with pleasure, but a must be mainly filled up by business.

THE PRINTED books in the British Museum Library, occupy *ten miles of shelf.*

CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

JOSEPH C. NEAL,

THE AMERICAN BOZ.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE!

COMIC SKETCHES!

The proprietor of Graham's Magazine has made an arrangement with JOSEPH C. NEAL, Esq., for a series of COMIC SKETCHES, in his peculiar vein. The first will appear in the NOVEMBER NUMBER, with a

HUMOROUS ENGRAVING,

IN YEAGER'S INIMITABLE STYLE

Mr. NEAL justly ranks as the best humorist in America, and has long been known as "The American Boz." His humorous talents are, however, of a higher order than any yet displayed by Dickens, and we feel sure that his articles will be hailed with delight by his countrymen. The November number will be, in all respects, the

GEM OF THE YEAR!

THIS NUMBER WILL CONTAIN

A SPLENDID MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING,

THE ROSE AND TULIP, a beautiful bouquet.

COLORED FASHIONS—Latest Fall Patterns.

A ROW AMONG NINEVITES.—A Humorous Sketch by YEAGER.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

Has long enjoyed the enviable reputation of being the best periodical in the United States. Its embellishments are of a high order, and comprise every variety of Art, and the character of the contributors of the work stamps the literary matter as the most highly finished and original that is given to the public.

EMBELLISHMENTS

MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS, in Sartain's best style. STEEL LINE ENGRAVINGS. ELEGANT STIPPLE ENGRAVINGS. LINE AND STIPPLE COMBINED. PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED WRITERS, CONTRIBUTORS TO GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. BEAUTIFULLY COLORED FLOWERS of the Field and Garden. COLORED FASHIONS OF Latest Style. HUMOUS ETCHINGS ON STEEL, by Yeager. MUSIC by the best Composers. Forming altogether the most attractive periodical issued in America.

EMINENT CONTRIBUTORS.

The most eminent authors of the Union are the regular contributors to Graham. No periodical can equal it in point of talent engaged. The work is not only the best, but a part of such merit, that it is actually the CHEAPEST PERIODICAL ISSUED FROM THE PRESS.

TO POSTMASTERS AND OTHERS.

CLUBS. the following proposals are made:—3 copies for $5—5 for $8—8 for $12—11 for $16.

To the Postmaster, or other person forming a Club, the Publisher will forward a Novel for seven. Subscribers wish, we find by trying the books, a complete library may be obtained by any person in a short time.

SINGLE COPIES $3 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

And to the persons sending the money, a copy of "THE GEMS OF ART AND BEAUTY," containing thirteen splendid Mezzotint and Line Engravings, and also a copy of RING WOLD THE ROVER, Herbert's Prize Novel, will be forwarded gratis.

☞ The volume from July to December, inclusive, will be sent to CLUBS or *Post Paid*, for $3.

Address GEORGE R. GRAHAM,

No. 98 Chestnut street.

SANDS'SARSAPARILLA.—THIS UNRIVALLED preparation has performed some of the most astonishing cures on record. Many of the worst forms of scrofula, after pursuing comfortably that it is capable of effecting the most permanent cures, even in cases of the most inveterate character, where the system has become reduced, and the constitution seemingly undermined by the use of mercury, or other mineral poisons, and wherein the vital functions are apparently sinking, and death seems inevitable, it has been found to restore the patient to perfect health, by the use of a few bottles entirely eradicating every trace of disease, and building up the system in those energetic principles which are necessary to the full enjoyment of health. For full particulars, see pamphlets, which may be had gratis of the agents. Prepared only by A. SANDS & CO., Druggists and Chemists, 79 Fulton street, New York. Sold by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

REMARKABLE CURE OF HIP DISEASE.

New York, July 20th, 1843.

Messrs. Sands—Gents: My daughter, aged six years, was attacked with the hip disease some two years and a half since when she was a growing, healthy child. Her disease was pronounced by the physicians to be scrofula, and under their care, she continued to grow worse and worse, until she became entirely helpless, and was confined to her bed, and suffered all description. The head of the hip bone was thrown entirely out of place, upon which matter has gone forward in the form of a large boil, and for months in succession the most excruciating pain has been endured by the child. She was reduced to a mere skeleton, and every effort was made by the physicians to relieve her, but every thing proved unavailing. Her case was considered hopeless, and the child was given up by the physicians to die. In the midst of this gloom, a friend recommended your Sarsaparilla, and I procured a bottle, and commenced giving it to my child, and before she had taken the whole of it, she was able to sit up in bed, and in a few days more she was able to walk across the room. She has now taken seven bottles, and is entirely restored to health, and is able to run about the house and play with her companions, and has entirely recovered the use of the hip joint, which was entirely destroyed by the disease. I know that there are many who have witnessed with me the wonderful effects of your Sarsaparilla in this case. In the present course of business this preparation has been carefully compiled, and whilst no curious detail has been introduced, every essential point is fully explained, and brought prominently before the observation of the learner. Friends would being written to most cases exactly as they should be pronounced, the art is nothing to prevent the acquisition of their pronunciation by theory, and the generality of persons who study the language by relying upon the ear find errors there to every day, and by losing sight of the theory, neglect the only means whereby they can acquire a really good pronunciation.

All the English critics consider that a person may learn to speak the French language in a very short space of time by an attentive perusal of this little work, and at the same time the learner is gradually laying the foundation for the study of the grammar, should he wish to acquire perfect correctness.

It is well known that for all practical purposes, an Englishman or an American, may readily learn to converse in French, and be able to read the language. For such acquisitions, the present work is eminently calculated, and we do not hesitate to say that a person going to France, with a moderate amount of this language, may learn enough on his voyage, with the aid of this little book, to enable him to converse in French easily, on his arrival. It is therefore the most useful work on the French language ever issued from the press.

The whole SIX LESSONS are now published complete in one number of the Parisian Sketch Book Library, at the low price of 25 cents, or five copies for one dollar.

The postage on the work—it being issued in the form of a two sheet periodical—cannot exceed five cents in any part of the Union, and under 100 miles will be only three cents.

WILSON & COMPANY, Publishers,

sep 23-3t* 161 Nassau street, New York.

PHILADELPHIA AGENTS—G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Ledger Building, corner of Third and Ch